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We have at different times expressed our opinion regarding the Pianos of various makers, but freely and unhesitatingly pronounce Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS' Pianos superior to them all.

S. B. MANN, ROBERT HELLER, A. H. PRACE, HENRY C. TINE, WM. HENCK, TEO. ENFIELD, Geo. W. MORRIS, E. MURDO, CARL WOLFFERT, THOS. TRIGG, CHAS. ARSCHUTZ, MAX HANSTADT, F. L. RUTTEN, F. BRANDEN, B. WOLFFERT, THOS. MORRISON, CHAS. WELLS, F. VON BREUNING.

Letter from the Artists of the Italian and German Opera, and other Celebrated Vocalists. New York, December, 1864.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS—Gentlemen:—Having used your Pianos for some time in public and in private, we desire to express our unqualified admiration in regard to their merits.

We find in them excellencies which no other Pianos known to us possess to the same perfection. They are characterized by a superiority, harmonious roundness and richness of tone, combined with an astonishing prolongation of sound, most beautifully blending with and supporting the voice, to a degree that leaves nothing to be desired. Indeed, we have never met with any instrument, not even of the most celebrated manufacturers of Europe, which gave us such entire satisfaction, especially as regards their unequalled qualities for accompanying the voice, and keeping in tune so long a time, as your Pianos; and we therefore cheerfully recommend them above all others to students of Vocal music and to the public generally.

Very respectfully yours, FRANK ABT.

BRUNSWICK (Germany) September 10, 1866.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS—Gentlemen:—A short time ago I had occasion of meeting with, and trying one of your Patent Grand Concert Pianos, which had been brought here by Mr. Hohnsack, of Philadelphia, and I cannot refrain from expressing to you my unqualified admiration. There are no other instruments known to me which could excel yours; with respect to fullness of tone, I have never met with their equal. Such power of the base, and roundness of the middle tones, such softness and clearness of the upper notes, and withal such complete uniformity of the various octaves, I have, so far, never met in any instrument, not even in any of the most celebrated manufacturers of Europe. The elasticity of touch is most surprising, and it may be taken as a sure evidence of the responsiveness of time, that in spite of the distant transportation from Philadelphia to this place, there was not one string out of tune. I am satisfied that these instruments will soon take the lead of all other makes, and I wish from my heart that you may continue to labor for the benefit of Art, for many years.

Very respectfully yours, HENRY WARD BEECHER.

From "A Discourse on Piano," by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. N. Y. Independent, Dec. 7, 1865.

Upon a happy day, a Steinway Piano stood in our parlor. For power, fulness, richness, and evenness of tone, it was admirable; nor do we believe we could better in our studies. In our summer home it stands yet, a musical angel; and our wish is that the day may come when every working man in America may have a good Steinway Piano.

WAREHOUSES, No. 71 and 73 EAST FOURTEENTH Street between Union Square and Irving Place, New York.

(From the Philadelphia City Item.)

FRENCH NOVELS.

French novels are fearfully and wonderfully made. They tear passion to tatters, and rave like an enraged bull. The heroine is always a married woman who is beloved by a superb looking young man. This young man is the husband's greatest friend (!) and the poor husband is generally killed in a duel with the young man. Then the heroine either enters a convent, or takes poison, or falls at the feet of the young man telling him she loves him—and they are happy, and when the summer comes they visit the grave of the husband and strew flowers over it.

Here is a specimen of a thrilling love scene, in the style of George Sand, or Victor Hugo, or Alexander Dumas, Jr.:

Henri entered the apartment. Louise rose, scarcely knowing what she was doing.

"Are you alone?" he asked. Louise shuddered. For she knew she loved him.

"We are alone," she said in a low voice. Henri advanced to the middle of the apartment. He was very pale.

His lips quivered.

"Oh, my God," he murmured, "Oh, my God."

Louise started.

"You are ill," she exclaimed.

"No!"

"But you are pale—you tremble."

"It's nothing."

"You will not tell me?"

"No."

"I am not your friend, then?"

"My friend? No! I hate you."

"Hate me! Heavens!"

"Yes, I hate you—for I love you so much that I can love you no more, and I die under your cruel indifference."

"You love me! Oh, be silent."

"I cannot—I dare not. You know all now, Louise, and you must answer."

"Madman—what are you saying?"

"Listen, and you shall know. You must leave this house—leave your vile husband, who is an old dotard, and who does not love you, while I—I adore you."

Louise almost fainted.

Her heart writhed in agony.

Ah! you do not know a woman's heart.

It is the heart that makes us immortal.

Our heart is our soul.

Louise, therefore, in giving Henri her heart, had given her soul.

Therefore, she trembled.

But it was with joy—the great joy one feels on being loved.

Before Henri had come to her, her life with her decrepit, gray-headed husband, had been monotonous and common-place.

But when she was loved by Henri, her heart threw off its shackles, and she rose to sublimity.

By love we are drawn nearer to God.

By love we are made angels.

Without it we become devils.

Yet—when Henri declared his passion for her, Louise trembled, as one does when standing on the edge of a precipice.

She paused, because a spectre seemed to rise up and wring his hands in despair.

It was the spectre of her dead mother.

Louise thought deeply. She could not believe that her husband loved her. She felt that her life with him would become more and more unhappy. He neglected her. He was a rough soldier full of his wars, and could not appreciate her. She had never loved him. Why should she not be happy with Henri?

"I will be happy," she murmured.

And she advanced towards him.

"Henri—" she said.

A sweet voice interrupted:

"Mamma—mamma!"

Louise turned with a cry.

It was her child.

Henri groaned, and walked to the window.

Louise sank on the floor, and embraced the infant.

"Ah, my child," she sobbed, "my child."

The clock struck two.

Henri turned paler still.

"Louise," he cried; "at quarter after two your husband will return, and you will be lost to me."

Louise waved him back.

"I implore you," he exclaimed, bursting into tears, "fly with me. Leave this man."

A man's tears—so strange—so heart-rending.

"Oh, God," he said, "she does not love me."

Louise rose.

"Not love you?" she exclaimed.

"Not love me?"

"Henri, I love you to madness."

"Yet you will make no sacrifice for me."

"Anything: but my child!"

"You must leave it, too."

"I cannot!"

"Then you do not love me."

At this moment the infant pulled at Louise's dress, while an expression of pain passed over its scarpish features.

Louise bent to listen.

"Yes, darling," she replied. "You shall go."

She rang a bell.

Michette, her pretty femme de chambre entered hastily.

"Michette," said Louise calmly, "take my child to—"

And she whispered something.

Michette led the child from the room.

Louise was lost!

Her child gone—Henri felt that she must yield.

He advanced towards her softly.

She did not move.

He pressed a burning kiss on her trembling lips.

"Away!" she cried, "away, tempter, I dare not yield."

Henri approached the door.

"Farewell, then," he said coldly.

Louise burst into tears.

"Henri!" she said in a faint voice.

He did move.

She regarded him reproachfully—then sighed deeply.

"Henri," she said—then added with an effort:

"Take me: I am yours."

He caught her in his arms.

"Mine, mine only!" he murmured, triumphantly.

"Yes—yours till death, my friend," said Louise, giving him a passionate look of love.

"Come, then—the carriage waits."

Louise hastily muffled herself in a cloak. They approached the door.

At the same moment it was thrown open.

A man entered.

It was the Baron de Montevajio—Louise's husband!

The unhappy woman uttered a cry of horror.

The Baron smiled sardonically.

"Come!" he said to Henri.

"Where?" demanded Louise.

"Silence, wretched woman," said the Baron, "it is not with you that I have to deal—but with this man. Yes, I have overheard all."

Louise sank on her knees.

"Kill me," she said, "but spare him."

And she fell back insensible.

A moment after she revived.

The room was empty.

She rushed to the door.

It was locked.

At the same instant two pistol shots were heard in the next apartment.

Then a fiendish laugh.

It was her husband's voice.

Louise remained riveted to the spot.

"The Baron has killed him," she shrieked. "Well, so be it; I shall be avenged."

She rapidly took from her bosom a little phial, and unhesitatingly drained its contents.

"Now let him come!" she said.

The door burst open.

Henri entered!

"Louise," he exclaimed: "he is dead; you are saved. Come, let us fly."

Louise sank on the floor.

This scene is about on a par with a great many of the books which the French public read, "pour passer le temps." It is certainly an astonishing kind of taste. But "every one to his liking," as the old woman said when she kissed the cow.

(From the London Saturday Review.)

DONKEY-RIDING IN PARNASSUS.

It has been calculated that, at some period or other of their lives, most men and all women have been guilty of the crime of writing indifferent verses. Senior wranglers, and attorneys' clerks, and a few other favored persons have been perhaps an exception to the rule, and have passed a dry, chippy, verseless youth. But the majority of mankind have known the gentle pleasures of donkey-riding upon Parnassus, and have exhausted the ordinary common-places and rhymes about despair, and broken hearts, and flowers and bowers, and the moon. The first effect of the sprouting of the juvenile affections on the male portion of our species is to make them perpetually gloomy. They have really themselves to blame, for they begin by fixing their young hearts on all sorts of impossible and unattainable objects. Either it is a married cousin twice their age, or it is their tutor's chubbier daughter, or else a blue-eyed seraph in a bonnet who beams on them every Sunday during the holidays from a distant pew in church. They have long been acquainted with what Horace and Ovid and Lempriere's Dictionary have to say about the terrible and withering effects of love, and now at last they are introduced to it in reality. And they find the passion quite as harrowing as they had expected. Their own miserable condition is much worse than that of all the heroes of whom they have read. Swimming the Hellespont and finding Hero waiting on the other side was a much easier affair than telegraphing the state of one's heart to decorous and innocent young angels during divine service, or summoning up courage to tell the gay and unconscious married cousin all the torments she has inflicted, with the horrid possibility in the background that she will be heartless enough to laugh when she is told. Placed in this sad predicament, between emotion on the one side and the cold code of social conventionality on the other, the juvenile lover believes very naturally that Destiny has marked him for her victim. Under such circumstances, he feels that Horace and Ovid and Sappho and Byron have chalked out beforehand the proper course to be pursued. They wrote poetry when they were in love, and the only thing to be done is to follow the example. The chief difficulty is in finding material. Rhymes and metres are not invincible obstacles, but when the cruel being who is the cause of all has been described as light-hearted and careless, and her victim as hopelessly blighted, almost all has been said. When the sea and the woods and the rocks and the daffodils have in turn been informed of her behaviour, scarcely anybody is left except the moon; and it is impossible to go on for months keeping literary company with, and exclusively addressing oneself to, the moon. Shelly and Byron could not have done it themselves; and after a feeble effort to maintain his verses at the proper astronomical elevation, the youthful lover terminates his donkey-ride on Parnassus, and returns to cricket and foot-ball with a feeling of concealed indignation at the want of sustained romantic power in his donkey. Young poetesses are more prolific and more patient than the young poets in this respect. Like the latter, they start, as a rule, in a proper temper of gloom; though it is not produced, as in the case of the male juvenile, by unrequited affection. With the young lady, the gloom, generally speaking, is the consequence of the iron discipline of the schoolroom. Governesses are a very trying set. They have a way of goading the young soul into a frenzy, and making life seem very barren and unendurable. What with French verbs, and Pinnock's dates, and scales, and posture lessons, and the continual strain kept up on the mind by the necessity of walking straight and keeping the shoulders down, existence would be altogether intolerable if it were not for the consolations of religion and of poetry. There will, at all events, be no governesses in heaven; pianofortes will give place to harps, and Pinnock's dates and chronology will be extinguished when time itself shall be no more. The youthful poetess turns her attention, therefore, to

poetical reflections on what will happen to her when she is an angel. She will have wings, and perhaps a lute; and when she turns over in her mind all the things that rhyme with wings and lutes, and remembers that when wings and lutes have been exhausted lyres and pinions will still remain behind, she feels that, come what may in the shape of French verbs, she is rich indeed. And accordingly heaven plays to the young poetess the part that the moon and disappointed affection play to the young poet. It is obvious, from the nature of the subject, that she can continue patiently much longer at it. Some authoresses never use up the topic at all. They go on all through their lives belonging to what may, without irreverence, be termed the lute-and-wing school of feminine poetry. The occupation is by no means in itself an unhealthy one for the young, and it is certainly much better for the head and heart to write about real angels than, like juvenile authors, to be scribbling about human angels in female dress. As compared with the latter pastime, the former is a noble and invigorating exercise; and youthful poetesses who are in the lute-and-wing line make up in high moral tone and in piety what they want in variety and strength.

The next stage in the history of versification is less natural, but a little more artistic. The young donkey-rider has learnt to appreciate the literary pleasure of metrical composition. He has taught himself to admire the feats in metre and in rhythm accomplished by all the great poets whom he observes caroling over Parnassus, and he does not see why his Pegasus should not perform the same. Henceforward he trots out his animal for the sake of making it jump, and not simply with a view of occupying himself as a blighted being ought. The old anxiety to be a lover gives place to the new desire of becoming a poet. He tries, one after the other, all the fences which others before him have taken, and contrives somehow or other to shamble over most of them with more or less satisfaction to himself. Minds begin by being receptive and impressionable long before they are productive or original, and as philosophy is said to commence in wonder, poetry-making starts in admiration. The first step is to reproduce the poetical echoes that have been picked up from reading the poetry of bigger men. A large number of great sentimentalists are remarkable for a characteristic mannerism of their own. They have a peculiar trick and swing and rhythm which reappears time after time in their various literary achievements. Their admirer soon seizes it, and believes that it is in this that the secret of their excellence resides. Poetry is the art of cooking and serving up pleasing thoughts in a tasteful and effective way; and the young cultivator of the Muses knows, or thinks he knows, how to cook his hare long before he has caught it. His disposition to imitate is fostered by the real pleasure that successful imitation brings with it. Next to the pleasure of creating comes the genuine pleasure of reproducing what other people have created. Reproduction or imitation is, in fact, a sort of creation of a secondary order. The definition of poetry given by the first of ancient philosophers is that it is an art of imitating, by which he partly means that it is the art of reproducing in language ideas which exist in nature or in the mind; giving, in fact, to airy nothings a local habitation and a name. Young poets unfortunately have no airy nothings of their own. They are obliged to borrow, not merely the principles of cooking, but the idea which is to be cooked. The process of re-cooking gives them a real artistic satisfaction, and if they were content to practice it in private, it would be a valuable part of their literary training. The mistake they make is in hoping that the *rechauffé* which they have so sincerely enjoyed making, the world at large will care to taste. If the *rechauffé* were usually good of its kind, there would be less harm in their thinking so. But the parts of the style of great authors which they most commonly serve up are, as a rule, the most prominent, the most vulgar, and the most worthless. It is not unnatural that it should be so. Clever rhymes, or ingenious twists, or curious and involved expressions take the firmest hold on the attention of those who are only half-trained to discriminate between literary pearls and literary husks. The beauties of a thoroughly artistic work, though patent to a skilled observer, are for a beginner far less patent than the mannerisms which deface it. He has a dim sense that the thing is beautiful, and he thinks that the cause of the beauty is the one thing which, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, impairs and weakens it. Instead, therefore, of a good *rechauffé*, he presents his generation with a *rechauffé* that leaves out the subtle essence of the original, and reproduces only the garlic and the pepper in enormous quantities. The errors of the authoress are not quite of the same description. She is too ambitious of creating startling effects. In ordinary cases women do not go through the intellectual fermentation that is a necessary part of the literary training of men. They are simpler in their tastes and predilections; and their comparative ignorance of the tricks of composition preserves them from half the fantastic extravagances and mannerisms into which male poetasters tumble. They do not attempt as much as Phæton or Icarus, and their failures are therefore less ludicrous and absurd. Having started in the lute-and-wing business early in life, they are quite content to continue in the humbler line of hymnological manufacture. Their imitative tendencies are amply satisfied when they have mastered some of the more difficult rhymes of Mrs. Hemans or Mrs. Barrett Browning, and learnt that sweet evangel will rhyme to angel, that manna will go properly in harness with bosanna, that ter-

phim is a pleasing and ingenious match for asaphim, and that death's gloomy portals may be made to pair off opposite to any number of immortals.

As poetry depends for its success on the poet's having something to say, and knowing how to say it when he has got it, the donkey-rider on Parnassus finds himself in a perpetual dilemma. In the first place, he starts at the wrong end of the rope. No amount of manœuvring in verse will ever make up for the absence of all subject-matter, and the poetaster is so anxious to manœuvre that, down to the end of his career, he goes on attitudinizing instead of thinking. After long and laborious practice he teaches himself, like Blondin, to wheel his literary wheelbarrow on a tight-rope over the heads of his audience. But a literary wheelbarrow is not of much use as long as it has got nothing in it except dewy showers and autumn flowers and moonlit bowers. Wheeling a whole cargo of them safely over from the beginning of a poem to the end is a poor occupation for a long life, and brings little credit or emolument to the performer. Considering the rush that there is upon versification in the present age, it appears marvellous how very little substantial work is done. The only parallel is the case of modern sermons. In theory, parsons ought never to want matter for a sermon. The vicissitudes and varieties of life are infinite, human character is full of lights and shadows, and the topics with which religion might deal are as illimitable as the universe. In the presence of all this field for reflection and observation, it seems almost a miracle that sermons should be uniformly monotonous, dreary, and poverty-stricken. The same kind of mental and moral atrophy that attacks men who write sermons appears also to prey upon men who take to poetry making. How rational human beings can go on for years at either occupation without ever stumbling up against a really good thing to say is purely unaccountable. The only explanation at all conceivable is that they are so busy over the process of boiling their thoughts that they end by forgetting that they ought to have thoughts, in the first instance, to put in the pot. It is possible that in the present day men think less than they used to do. They live more in a crowd, and are less alone. Even education is conducted in a hurry and a bustle, almost at railway speed. It is no longer a necessary part of intellectual training that a gentleman should have meditated as well as studied, and should have lived, if one may use the expression, in the society of great authors as well as have galloped through some of their most notorious works. The proper penalty to inflict on authors of bad sermons and bad verses would be to transport them for a couple of years to solitary confinement in a country-house in the vicinity of a first-rate library. They would emerge from the salutary discipline wiser and less fluent men. We should have fewer new poems, and shorter sermons, but the world would not lose by the change a quarter of what the reformed and repentant criminals would gain.

It is not a little singular that the poetasters who have so few ideas do not really succeed in the rhythmic efforts to which they devote their exclusive attention. Great rhythmical poets seem to be dying out of the land. There are probably none in existence except Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning. The truth is that the same want of intellectual tension which prevents the donkey-rider on Parnassus from being instructive or edifying also prevents him from being thoroughly successful in the musical and mechanical part of his work. He can make rhymes if he cannot make ideas; but the rhymes he makes are, in general, rhymes and nothing more. Very few poets are born complete masters of rhythm. There is such a thing as a natural ear for it, as there is such a thing as a natural genius for music; but both require an equal amount of laborious cultivation. It is by slow degrees, and probably with much care and after a series of literary infatuations, that Mr. Tennyson has made himself a consummate lyrical performer. His earliest published poems are removed by a long interval from the more perfect melody which his later productions often display. What began only in imperfect promise has ended, in his case, with successful performance. Taste and melodious diction come to no man in his cradle. Horace himself, who boasts that the Muses visited him in his childhood, is careful to disavow all claim to the facility of Lucilius; and the genius which begins in facility, like all other genius, will not get far upon its journey without much trouble and self-culture. As the poetasters of the age neither display thought nor cultivation, the question naturally occurs, what on earth is the good of them? The answer is that, after all, they may as well be bad poets as bad at anything else. The deficiency of vigor, of intellectual substance, and of patient cultivation which makes them worthless in literature, would make them equally unavailable in other walks of life. They may as well write feeble poems as fall in business, or remain to the end of their lives weedy barristers or indifferent picture-painters. They do less harm to the world as they are, and, though they are a nuisance and an annoyance, no one who cares for the welfare of his fellow-creatures would wish to see the donkey-riders on Parnassus take to donkey-riding in the Church, or in commerce, or in Parliament. As they have been born into the world, they must stand somewhere, and they may as well take up their position in the monthly magazines and on the dusty shelves of publishers.

Captain Edward Robinson of this city has been breveted Major, and appointed United States Consul at Strasbourg: a most excellent appointment in every respect.

WILLIAM BLAKE, SEER AND PAINTER.

The widest imaginable difference, probably, is that which exists between the man who believes in a revelation of the preternatural and the man who pretends to believe in it—between William Blake, let us say, and that truthful conception of Mr. Robert Browning's, "Mr. Blake, the Medium." We have lately been afflicted with a craving for the preternatural. Men have tried to persuade themselves that some sort of communication with another world is possible. Even the professional seer has ended by being half-credulous. "While yet a boy I sought for ghosts," exclaimed Shelley, whose illusions and hallucinations were insuperable, and it is very hard to decide how far he actually deceived himself. Mr. Browning, in the famous poem just mentioned, presents an exhaustive analysis of that peculiar idiosyncrasy which gives us our mediums and mesmerists, and neurhypnotists.

But William Blake was of another sort. Here is his own statement:—"I assert, for myself, that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is hindrance and not action. 'What!' it will be questioned, 'when the sun rises, do you not see a round disc of fire somewhat like a guinea?' Oh no! no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying: 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!' I question not my corporeal eye any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it and not with it." In this theory he was always consistent. When a young artist who found his inventive powers suddenly benumbed told his distress to Blake, the latter turned to his wife and said:—"It is just so with us, is it not, for weeks together, when the visions forsake us? What do we do then, Kate? 'We kneel down and pray, Mr. Blake.'" No wonder that he appeared to those who became acquainted with him, as a new kind of man.

The life of Blake, left almost complete by the late Mr. Gilchrist, and finally prepared for the press by Mr. D. G. Rossetti and his brother, is a book of strange interest. It is not perfect in its method and the author's style is too often Carlylesque in a mild form. But the strong originality of Blake's character would render the work valuable, even if it had grosser faults than these. William Blake was born in 1757, in Broad Street, Golden Square, where his father kept a hosier's shop. It was, according to his biographer, not then an unfashionable quarter. During the century which has passed, this metropolis has seen marvellous changes; even the mighty action of the London, Chatham, and Dover, and its rival railways, will hardly effect a greater metamorphosis in a similar period. He who would realize the London of 1757 must imagine it without the British Museum, the Bank of England, the National Gallery, and the General Post Office; without Regent Street, Portland Place, and the Burlington Arcade; without Newgate, the Docks, and Waterloo Bridge; with no palatial clubs in Pall Mall, no gas in the streets, no numbers on the street-doors. A sordid city, we might think, perchance; yet you might have heard a strong yet kindly voice exclaim: "Sir, let us take a walk down Fleet Street." Right gladly would the invitation have been accepted. I suspect London was a very liveable city in those times; what will it be a hundred years hence?

Blake, at eight years of age, a visionary boy, saw angels thronging the trees on Peckham Rye, and narrowly escaped a flogging from his father for saying so. He believed that he beheld such sights, and the belief clung to him throughout his life. Drawing was natural to him; when not wandering away through the fair fields of Camberwell, the precocious child haunted the picture sale-rooms; and at the age of ten he was sent to a drawing-school in the Strand, kept by an artist called Pars. His attendance at picture-sales educated his judgment from the first. "I am happy," he wrote to Reynolds, "I cannot say that Raffaele ever was, from my earliest childhood, hidden from me. I saw, and I knew immediately, the difference between Raffaele and Rubens." "The little connoisseur," as Langford, the auctioneer of Covent Garden, styled him, was also a poet. I quote two verses of a song, written before he was fourteen, whose exquisite simplicity is unsurpassable:—

"With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,
And Phoebus fired my vocal rage;
He caught me in his sifflon net,
And shut me in his golden cage."

"He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sits and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty."

At fourteen, Blake was apprenticed to Basire, an engraver. He was to have been taught by Ryland, a more famous man; but objected, declaring that he did not like the man's face—"It looks as if he will live to be hanged!" Curiously enough, Ryland, twelve years later, was hanged for forgery. The faculty of reading character at a glance came naturally to Blake, but I suppose few people will agree with his biographer that this may have been an instance of absolute prophetic gift or second sight. For seven years the young engraver worked hard under Basire's direction. One day Oliver Goldsmith entered the shop in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Blake never forgot the noble head of the tender poet and humorist. Mr. Allingham quaintly suggests that the visionary apprentice may have passed in the narrow streets "a placid, venerable thin man of eighty-four, of erect figure and abstracted air, wearing a full-bottomed wig, a pair of long ruffles, and a curious-hilted sword, and carrying a gold-headed cane.... Emanuel Sweden-

borg." The Swedish seer passed in London the last few months of his life. His preternatural vision was less lofty than Blake's, and took definite dogmatic forms. It is at least a curious coincidence that the aged man and the young artist were together walking the streets of London for awhile, with eyes fixed upon the mystic city, the new Jerusalem, in "the land that is very far off."

Blake's chief occupation during his apprenticeship was in drawing, in Westminster Abbey and other churches, the monuments which Basire was engraving for Gough the antiquary. Shut up alone amid these mediæval relics, the boy learned great lessons of what men had done in the palmy days of English architecture—lessons which, even in these times of Gothic renaissance, few have learnt so thoroughly. Who can wonder that the solitary dreamer, working at his art in the awful silence of the deserted minster, beheld a vision of Christ and his Apostles glorifying the tombs of queens and kings? No education could have tended more to preserve the peculiarities of Blake's character than this lonely study of the past.

During this period Blake wrote a good deal of verse; and in 1783 was published a thin octavo, "Poetical Sketches by W. B.," which is one of the rarest of books, and is of the rarest quality. The songs have in fact the exquisite simplicity which characterizes those of the Elizabethan dramatists. It should be remembered that, when the engraver's apprentice was writing these verses, the two great poets, destined to renew the flagging life of English poetry, were in their babyhood, and Chatterton had just "perished in his pride." Cowper, the only living English writer who could fairly be called a poet, had not begun to publish. Whence did Blake learn the divine simplicity which characterizes the choice lyrics of his boyhood? If we were told that this single stanza had been recovered from some lost play of Elizabeth's time, should we be incredulous?—

"His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold;
Ah, why to him was't given
Whose breast is wintry cold?
His heart is Love's all-worshipped tomb
Where all Love's pilgrims come."

In 1778, Blake's apprenticeship ended, and he studied for a time in the Royal Academy, then only ten years old. He earned his living by engraving for magazines and books—young Stothard being in many cases the artist. I well recollect possessing an Enfield's *Speaker*, with *Clarence's Dream*—

"A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud,
'Clarence is come—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabbed me in the field by Tewkesbury:
Sonne on him, furies, take him to your torments!'"

—drawn by Stothard and engraved by Blake. Flaxman and Fuseli became at about this time the young engraver's friends. In 1780, at the twelfth exhibition of the Royal Academy, and its first at new Somerset House, there was to be seen a drawing of Blake's, "Death of Earl Godwin." It was in the summer of that year that the artist, caught in the midst of an enormous "No Popery" mob, was forced to the walls of Newgate, and beheld the great prison burnt down and its inmates released.

Blake married, in 1784, Miss Catherine Sophia Boucher, who made him an admirable wife. Unable to sign her name at the time of her marriage, she not only learned to read and write, but also to work off her husband's engravings, and even to design occasionally in his spirit and style. She cheerfully bore all the trials which fortune had in reserve for them. She firmly believed in all his visions. She humored all his caprices. The following incident occurred about nine years after their marriage:—"At the end of the little garden in Hercules Buildings there was a summer-house. Mr. Butts (a very generous friend and patron of Blake's) calling one day, found Mr. and Mrs. Blake sitting in this summer-house, freed from those troublesome disguises which have prevailed since the Fall. 'Come in!' cried Blake; 'It's only Adam and Eve, you know!' Husband and wife had been reciting passages from 'Paradise Lost' in character." This shows, at least, Mrs. Blake's docility.

It is not my purpose to trace the struggling artist through all his enterprises. The material side of his life was never fortunate, he was compelled to live meanly and parsimoniously; but the innate nobility of his character raised him above his sordid circumstances. His last place of residence was Fountain Court, Strand, just at the corner of Simpson's. I recollect, a year or two ago, dining at Simpson's, when a fire broke out in that very court, and there was a rush to the window behind me of diners and waiters. Being somewhat unexcitable, I went on with my dinner quietly; but when, a little later in the evening, the *Globe* informed me that two children had been burnt to death, I felt a strange pang at the thought, that I had been enjoying my saddle of mutton so close to those poor little creatures in their agony. Of course I could have done no good; if they could have been saved, the firemen must have done it; but I have never felt quite comfortable when dining at Simpson's since. Well, in this same Fountain Court, where once the Coal Hole Tavern was made illustrious by Edmund Kean, Blake had two rooms on the first floor of No. 3. The front room, used for reception, was hung with pictures of Blake's; the back room was "sleeping and living room, kitchen and studio." Strange to say, those who visited the artist in this squalid corner of London, have a consensus of opinion as to no squalor having existed in his rooms. The window in the back room, from which the Thames was just visible, is described by one of his friends, with pleasant enthusiasm, as "that divine window!"

Another writes, "Himself, his wife, and his rooms were clean and orderly; everything was in its place. His delightful working-corner had its implements ready—tempting to the hand. The millionaire's upholsterer can furnish no enrichments like those of Blake's enchanted rooms." And a third, with rather less effusion, philosophically remarks:—"I never look upon him as an unfortunate man of genius. He knew every great man of the day, and had enough." The simple truth is that Blake's entire elevation above all trivial details caused men to forget the poverty of his life. Courtesy was natural to him. He was born a gentleman. He had the complete content of the artist, who has not only refused to barter his birthright for a mess of pottage, but has never longed for the pottage. When a lovely little girl, a spoilt child of Fortune, was once presented to him, he stroked her head and said, "May God make this world to you, my child, as beautiful as it has been to me!" She wondered at the wish of the shabby old man, but learnt its meaning in time.

"The light that never was on sea or shore"

shone on those dingy rooms in Fountain Court.

Fuseli translated Lavater, and Blake engraved the frontispiece. The "Aphorisms" of the Swiss physiognomist became from that time a favorite book with the artist, and he annotated them with much freedom. Some of his notes show deeper insight than Lavater's. Thus, when the latter writes of frequent laughing as the sign of a little mind, and the rarer smile of harmless quiet as indicating a noble heart, Blake exclaims, "I hate scarce smiles; I love laughing!" Again, on Lavater's aphorism, "Between passion and lie there is not a finger's breadth," Blake truly remarks, "Lie is contrary to passion." The best of all the aphorisms, in Blake's opinion, is this:—"Keep him at least three paces distant who hates bread, music, and the laugh of a child." Lavater's book set the artist to make aphorisms; and an engraved work of his, splendid in color, entitled the "Marriage of Heaven and Hell," contains a series called "Proverbs of Hell," which are full of force. We extract a few:—

"The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.
A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.
Joys impregnate, sorrows bring forth.
The fox provides for himself, but God provides for the lion.
He who has suffered you to impose on him, knows you.
To create a little flower is the labor of ages.
Damn braces, bless relaxes.
As the air to a bird, or the sea to a fish, so is contempt to the contemptible.
Truth can never be so told as to be understood, and not believed."

The strong thought which exists in these few apophthegms is unmistakable. But the work from which they are extracted was preceded by a volume of poetry, entitled "Songs of Innocence," in which he was his own printer and publisher. It is scarcely possible to describe the effect which he contrived to produce by his own special style of engraving in color. In a prospectus, which he issued in 1793, he stated that he has "invented a method of printing both letterpress and engraving, in a style more ornamental, uniform, and grand, than any before discovered; while it produces works at one-fourth of the expense." "If," he adds, "a method of printing which combines the painter and the poet is a phenomenon worthy of public attention, provided that it exceeds in elegance all former methods, the author is sure of his reward." There can be no question that the perfection of authorship is attained when every copy of a book comes direct from the author's hand, without intervention of compositor and pressman, bookbinder and publisher. Blake and his wife did the whole work. "Songs of Innocence" were succeeded by several wild and mystical productions, whose enigmas have never been solved; but in 1794 came "Songs of Experience," which are far more intelligible. The marvellous caco-rhythmic productions, which would remind some readers of Ossian, and others of Tupper, in which *Theo, Los, Urizen, Oothoon, Theotormon*, and other strangely-named characters, figure, seem to justify Wordsworth's description of Blake as a man of "insane genius." But when the patriarch of poetry spoke thus of Blake to Mr. Crabb Robinson, he also said, "There is something in the madness of this man that interests one more than the sanity of Byron and Walter Scott." In the "Songs of Experience," however, there is complete sanity. They contain the famous verses to the *Tiger*:—

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night,"

which Charles Lamb pronounced "glorious." Here are two wonderful stanzas:—

"And what shoulder and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
When thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?
When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the lamb make thee?"

Mr. Gilchrist aptly ascribes Blake's rare poetic power to his working as a man who, being already practised in one art, begins anew in another; and refers to a fine speculation of Mr. Browning's in "Pippa Passes":—"If there should arise a new painter, will it not be in some such way by a poet, now, or a musician (spirits who have conceived and perfected an ideal through some other channel), transferring it to this, and escaping our conventional roads by pure ignorance of them?" This, assuredly, is what Blake did in poetry. It is what we may hope to see done again in the sister arts. Indeed, there was once a rumor that the great poet whom I have quoted had some thought of becoming a painter. Around the elementary portion of art necessarily cling certain methods, certain traditions, which reduce it to the level of manufacture. Every artist ought to rediscover art for himself.

Before leaving the purely lyrical side of Blake's organization, I may quote two verses of a charming little song (first published in Mr. Gilchrist's "Life"), in which he tells us that Cupid ought to have been a girl:—

"For he shoots with his bow,
And the girl shoots with her eye."

The commencement of this lyric is as playful as *Præd*; its ending has a touch of Heine's epigrammatic bitterness:—

"Then to make Cupid a boy
Was surely a woman's plan,
For a boy never learns so much
Till he has become a man."

"And then he's so pleased with care,
And wounded with arrowy darts,
That the whole business of his life
Is to pick out the heads of his darts."

Blake, a Londoner for the greater part of his life, spent four years by the sea, under the patronage of Hayley, the elegant poetaster, who is chiefly remembered as Cowper's friend and biographer. The object of Blake's living near Hayley was that he might engrave the illustrations to Cowper's life. The place of residence was a small cottage at Felpham, near Bognor. Grand and weird visions had he by the sonorous sea. There he held converse with Moses and the prophets, with Homer, Dante, Milton; "majestic shadows," in his own words, "gray but luminous, and superior to the common height of men." I fear that few of the men who go down to Bognor for the Goodwood week have any such experiences. There he also saw a fairy's funeral. "I was walking alone in my garden," he said; "there was great stillness among the branches and flowers, and more than common sweetness in the air; I heard a low and pleasant sound, and I knew not whence it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures, of the size and color of green and gray grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose-leaf, which they buried with songs, and then disappeared. It was a fairy funeral."

Blake was about sixty, I believe, when he became acquainted with a man who did much to encourage his visionary tendencies. This was John Varley, who, besides being a clever painter in water-colors, was also an astrologer in theory and practice. According to Mr. Gilchrist, Varley's astrological predictions were singularly accurate. One man, to whom he had foretold an accident on a certain day, lay in bed till evening, and then foolishly got up to sprain his ankle over a coal-scuttle; and Collins the painter, died at the very time which Varley had found written among the stars. Be these things as they may, Varley was a profound believer in his own craft, and also in Blake's power of preternatural vision. And to this belief we owe Blake's spiritual portraits.

At the witching hour of night, Blake's bodiless visitors would come, almost at a call; and Varley was wont to sit by him, and ask him to "call spirits from the vasty deep;" when the artist would obey, and take their likenesses! Forty or fifty of these sketches, made at midnight *séances*, still exist. Varley has usually added their description in the following style: "Wat Tyler, by Blake, from his specter, as in the act of striking the tax-gatherer; drawn October 30, 1819; 1 h. p. m." Again: "The man who built the Pyramids, October 18, 1819, fifteen degrees of 1; Cancer ascending."

Of the latter Mr. Gilchrist's work contains a copy; and the specter's head, hair, facial angle, mighty chest and shoulders, are singularly indicative of a being whose physical so far dominated his mental power, that he would deem it a great thing to pile pyramidal masses of stone, and would do the deed with ease.

Other portraits in this preternatural gallery are equally remarkable. One of the strangest is "the ghost of a flea," which Varley felt convinced the artist saw, "for he left off, and began on another part of the paper to make a separate drawing of the mouth of the flea, which the spirit having opened, he was prevented from proceeding with the first sketch, till he had closed it. During the time occupied in completing the drawing, the flea told him that all fleas were inhabited by the souls of such men as were, by nature, bloodthirsty to excess, and were therefore providentially confined to the size and form of insects; otherwise, were he himself, for instance, the size of a horse, he would depopulate a great portion of the country."

It would be vain to attempt in words to give any idea of Blake's power as an artist, unless I had the pen of a Ruskin or a Rossetti. Mr. W. M. Rossetti's descriptive catalogue of all his known works is admirable; for me it must suffice to say that his colored drawings of subjects so sublime as the Elohims creating Adam, or Elijah in his chariot of fire, are really adequate, while some of the designs for Milton, Dante, and the Book of Job are "wonderful exceedingly." My aim has been to deal with Blake not so much as the technical artist: I think of him as one whose gift was, by his own declaration, the result of a sixth sense, which caused him to apprehend the unseen; and I willingly echo the question wherewith Mr. Gilchrist's thirty-fifth chapter is headed, "Mad or not Mad?" We find him casually remarking to a friend, "Milton, the other day, was saying to me . . . ;" and Leigh Hunt used to tell a story, discredited (why?) by Mr. Gilchrist, of his raising his hat to the Apostle Paul in Cheapside, to the amusement of a companion. Allan Cunningham was contented with the belief that Blake's imagination was in excess of his other faculties. Mr. Crabb Robinson, than whom there never lived a clearer-sighted man, appears to have doubted his sanity. When Blake told that acute though kindly gentleman that he had a vague recollection of conversa-

tions with Socrates and Jesus Christ; or that Milton had lately come to ask him, as a great favor, to correct an error in "Paradise Lost;" or that he had much intercourse with Voltaire, who spoke what seemed English to him—"It was like the touch of a musical key; he touched it probably French, but to my ear it became English"—we can hardly be surprised that Mr. Robinson thought him not quite sane. Yet the logical barrister and the visionary painter had points in common. The former found that the latter admired most intensely those very passages in Wordsworth's loftiest poetry, which fall flattest on the mere prosaic mind. But Blake objected to Wordsworth's worship of nature; for he declared nature to be the work of the devil. Mr. Robinson, in reply to this, quoted the commencement of Genesis: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." "But," he says, "I gained nothing by this, for I was triumphantly told that this 'God was not Jehovah, but the Elohim.'" The seer was too learned for the lawyer. The present writer, who has had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Crabb Robinson at Rydal Mount, in the company of William Wordsworth, can scarcely conceive such discomfiture. It was evidently complete.

MR. CARLYLE'S INAUGURATORY ADDRESS AS LORD RECTOR OF THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.

Mr. Carlyle, on rising to address the students, having thrown off his robe, came to the table amid loud cheers. When the storm of applause had subsided, he said, Gentlemen:—I have accepted the office you have elected me to, and have now the duty to return thanks for the great honor done me. Your enthusiasm toward me, I admit, is very beautiful in itself, however undeserved it may be in regard to the object of it. It is a feeling honorable to all men, and one well known to myself when I was in a position analogous to your own. I can only hope that it may endure to the end—that noble desire to honor those whom you think worthy of honor; and that you will come to be more and more select and discriminate in the choice of the object of it, for I can well understand that you will modify your opinions of me and many things else as you go on. There are now 56 years gone last November since I first entered your city, a boy of not quite 14—56 years ago—to attend classes here, and gain knowledge of all kinds, I know not what—with feelings of wonder and awe-struck expectation; and now, after a long, long course, this is what we have come to. There is something touching and tragic, and yet at the same time beautiful, to see the third generation, as it were, of my dear old native land, rising up and saying, "Well, you are not altogether an unworthy laborer in the vineyard; you have toiled through a great variety of fortunes, and have had many judges." As the old proverb says, "He that builds by the wayside has many masters." We must expect a variety of judges; but the voice of young Scotland, through you, is really of some value to me, and I return you many thanks for it, though I cannot describe my emotions to you, and, perhaps, they will be much more conceivable if expressed in silence. When this office was proposed to me, some of you know that I was not very ambitious to accept it at first. I was taught to believe that there were certain more or less important duties which would lie in my power. This, I confess, was my chief motive in going into it—at least, in reconciling the objections I felt to such things; for if I can do anything to honor you and my dear old *Alma Mater*, why should I not do so? Well, but on practically looking into the matter when the office actually came into my hands, I find it grows more and more uncertain and abstruse to me whether there is much real duty that I can do at all. I live 400 miles away from you, in an entirely different state of things; and my weak health—now for many years accumulating upon me—and total unacquaintance with such subjects as concern your affairs here—all this fills me with apprehension that there is really nothing worth the least consideration that I can do on that score. You may, however, depend upon it that if any such duty does arise in any form, I will use my most faithful endeavor to do whatever is right and proper, according to the best of my judgment. In the meanwhile, the duty I have at present—which might be very pleasant, but which is quite the reverse, as you may fancy—is to address some words to you on some subjects more or less cognate to the pursuits you are engaged in. In fact, I had meant to throw out some loose observations—loose in point of order, I mean—in such a way as they may occur to me—the thoughts I have in me about the business you are engaged in, the race you have started on, what kind of race it is you young gentlemen have begun, and what sort of arena you are likely to find in this world. I ought, I believe, according to custom, to have written all that down on paper, and had it read out. That would have been much handier for me at the present moment; but, when I attempted to write, I found that I was not accustomed to write speeches, and that I did not get on very well. So I flung that away, and resolved to trust to the inspiration of the moment—just to what came uppermost. You will, therefore, have to accept what is readiest—what comes direct from the heart; and you must just take that in compensation for any good order or arrangement there might have been in it. I will endeavor to say nothing that is not true so far as I can manage, and that is pretty much all that I can engage for. Advice, I believe, to young men—as to all men—are very seldom much valued. There is a great deal of advising, and very little faithful performing—and talk that does not end in any kind of

action is better suppressed altogether. I would not, therefore, go much into advising; but there is one advice I must give you. It is, in fact, the summary of all advice, and you have heard it a thousand times, I dare say; but I must nevertheless let you hear it the thousandth and first time, for it is most intensely true, whether you will believe it at present or not—viz.: that above all things the interest of your own life depends upon being diligent now while it is called to-day, in this place where you have come to get education. Diligent!—that includes all virtues in it that a student can have: I mean to include in it all qualities that lead on the acquirement of real instruction and improvement in such a place. If you will believe me, you who are young, yours is the golden season of life. As you have heard it called, so it verily is—the seedtime of life, in which, if you do not sow, or if you sow tares instead of wheat, you cannot expect to reap well afterward, and you will arrive at little indeed; while in the course of years, when you come to look back, if you have not done what you have heard from your advisers—and among many counselors there is wisdom—you will bitterly repent when it is too late. The habits of study acquired at universities are of the highest importance in after life. At the season when you are young in years the whole mind is, as it were, fluid, and is capable of forming itself into any shape that the owner of the mind pleases to let it or order it to form itself into. The mind is in a fluid state, but it hardens up gradually to the consistency of rock or iron, and you cannot alter the habits of an old man; for as he has begun he will proceed and go on to the last. By diligence I mean among other things—and very chiefly—honesty in all your inquiries into what you are about. Pursue your studies in the way your conscience calls honest. More and more endeavor to do that. Keep, I mean to say, an accurate separation between what you have really come to know in your own minds and what is still unknown. Leave all that on the hypothetical side of the barrier, as things afterward to be acquired if acquired at all; and be careful not to stamp a thing as known when you do not yet know it. Count a thing known only when it is stamped on your mind, so that you may survey it on all sides with intelligence. There is such a thing as a man endeavoring to persuade himself, and endeavoring to persuade others, that he knows about things, when he does not know more than the outside skin of them; and yet he goes flourishing about with them. There is also a process called cramming in some universities—that is, getting up such points of things as the examiner is likely to put questions about. Avoid all that as entirely unworthy of an honorable mind. Be modest, and humble, and diligent in your attention to what your teachers tell you, who are profoundly interested in trying to bring you forward in the right way, so far as they have been able to understand it. Try all things they set before you, in order, if possible, to understand them, and to follow them in proportion to your fitness for them. Gradually see what kind of work you can do; for it is the first of all problems for a man to find out what kind of work he is to do in this universe. In fact, morality as regards study is, as in all other things, the primary consideration, and overrides all others. A dishonest man cannot do anything real; and it would be greatly better if he were tied up from doing anything. He does nothing but darken counsel by the words he utters. That is a very old doctrine—but a very true one; and you will find it confirmed by all the thinking men that have ever lived in this long series of generations of which we are the latest. I dare say you know, very many of you, that it is now 700 years since universities were first set up in this world of ours. Abelard and other people had risen up with doctrines in them the people wished to hear of, and students flocked toward them from all parts of the world. There was no getting the thing recorded in books, as you may now. You had to hear the man speaking to you vocally, or else you could not learn at all what it was that he wanted to say. And so they gathered together—the various people who had anything to teach—and formed themselves gradually under the patronage of kings and other potentates who were anxious about the culture of their populations—nobly anxious for their benefit—and became a university. I dare say you have heard it said that all that is greatly altered by the invention of printing, which took place about midway between us and the origin of universities. A man has not now to go away to where a professor is actually speaking, because in most cases he can get his doctrine out of him through a book, and can read it, and read it again and again, and study it. I don't know that I know of any way in which the whole facts of a subject may be more completely taken in, if our studies are molded in conformity with it. Nevertheless, universities have, and will continue to have, an indispensable value in society—a very high value. I consider the very highest interest of man vitally intrusted to them. In regard to theology, as you are aware, it has been the study of the deepest heads that have come into the world—what is the nature of this stupendous universe, and what its relations to all things, as known to man, and as only known to the awful Author of it? In fact, the members of the church keeping theology in a lively condition for the benefit of the whole population, was the great object of the universities. I consider it is the same now intrinsically, though very much forgotten, from many causes, and not so successful as might be wished at all. It remains, however, a very curious truth, which has been said by observant people, that the main use of the universities in the present age is that, after you have done with all your classes, the next thing is a collection

(Continued on page 6.)

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1866.

The offices of the SATURDAY PRESS have been removed from No. 64 Nassau Street to No. 9 Spruce Street, one door below the TRIBUNE Buildings.

"Figaro" has sent us a note at the last moment to the effect that owing to the dangerous illness of a friend, who is not expected to live from hour to hour, he has been unable to attend any place of amusement during the week, and that for him to attempt to write a Dramatic Feuilleton, under such circumstances, would be simply absurd. He appeals, therefore, to the indulgence of his theatrical and operatic friends and will endeavor to make some amends for his silence at another time.

The only good thing about the car-drivers' strike is that it has taught many robust and hearty adults who might have been supposed to know the fact before, that they have legs, and that they are admirably adapted to purposes of locomotion. If we could only have another strike which should teach people that they have hands, even if it drove them to the dire necessity of working—as the sudden consciousness of legs has driven them to walking—it would be one of the best things that could happen.

The TRIBUNE and the JOURNAL OF COMMERCE have been discussing this last week the all-absorbing question as to which of the two has the greater superficial extent: at last accounts they differed one inch. For our own part, we look upon the superficial qualities of both the TRIBUNE and the JOURNAL as quite beyond measure.

If we have any literal "Collector of the Customs" in New York, he might make valuable additions to his stock, just now, by consulting Mr. H. A. Smythe as to the customs of that large and loafing class of New Yorkers called office-hunters. They have been besieging his bank, his house, and his haunts, all the week, and there is scarcely one of them who has a custom which would not be more honored in the breach than in the observance.

The Mobile papers report the arrival in that city of a cork ship—or ship made entirely of cork. She is probably intended for the Fenian navy. A screw steamer, built of the same material, is contemplated, to be called the "Cork-screw."

Whenever you hear a man addressing servants in a rude tone of command you may set it down as certain not simply that he is no gentleman, but that he would have to be promoted to become a respectable domestic.

Judging from certain recent demonstrations, the present Congress should be called not the "Rump Congress" but the Rum Congress.

The strongest thing you can say in New York of a man who persists in defending a fallen cause is that he sticks to it like a Burr.

The report of the death of Ole Bull in Canada turns out to be erroneous: it probably grew out of the dangerous condition of John Bull.

The most significant and appropriate watchword of the Fenians, seeing the class of people they look to for support, is "God save the green!"

There will be no underground railroad in New York till the cholera arrives here.

There are fears at the Capitol that the "trichinae" will break out there.

Read in this week's SATURDAY PRESS Carlyle's inaugural address as Lord Rector of the Edinburgh University, and also the article from THE TRIBUNE on William Blake. Gilchrist's splendid life of Blake, by the way, accompanied by selections from his poems and other writings, has been imported by J. W. Bouton & Co., No. 480 Broadway, where it may be procured for considerably less than the London price.

One of the "Cycloid Planes," weighing some nine hundred and fifty pounds, fell a distance of sixteen feet, in Toledo, the other day, and, according to the papers, was quite as good an instrument after the accident as before!

The MUSEE ZAROU, of this city—the only German musical paper in the country—is publishing a translation of Victor Hugo's "Travailleur et le Meunier."

COUNTERFEIT CONUNDRUMS.

It frequently surprises the student of nature to discover how universally the disposition to over-reach and take undue advantage exists among his fellow-men. It is not only in ordinary business circles that we meet with this roguery, for it penetrates even to the regions of science and art. To prove this assertion, it is only necessary for me to give a few instances of deception practiced, or attempted to be practiced, upon myself, by unprincipled persons who have offered to me, at various times, more or less skilfully executed yet spurious conundrums. It was not more than a month ago that there entered my office an individual of the class called "Freed-men." He was badly dressed and of unsmooth manner. His forlorn apology for a hat hung from one hand, while in the other he clutched a dirty slip of paper. His story ran thus:—

When Sherman's army passed through South Carolina, his master's house, the negro quarters, barns, granaries, and buildings of every kind, were burnt to the ground. Everything—furniture, clothing and provisions—were utterly consumed, and the owner of the plantation, his family and servants, were obliged to seek food and shelter as best they could. "Nobody saved nothin', sah, but this yere boy, and all I got, sah, was dis yere riddle. I knowed it was wuth a lot of money, for old massa was allus mighty keersful ov it, and only brought it out when dar was company up to de house, and so I fotched it along all de way to dis yere town, and dey tell me yere, sah, dat you was de man to buy it, sah."

"Are you sure it was originally your master's; and why didn't you return it to him?"

"Oh, sah, old massa he went Souf and I come Norf, and I nebber see him no more, sah, and it was his'n, sure, and I lebe it to all de oder oulud people down dare, sah, if it wasn't his'n, and to old massa himself, if you eber see him, sah."

"Well, what is it? Let me hear it, and then we will talk more about your right to it."

"But how much will you gib me for it, sah?"

"I can say nothing about that until I know what it is. Read it, if you know how."

"Oh, I can't do dat, sah, but I remember it, and if you buys it, sah, you can read it for yourself. Yere it is, sah:—'Why are perch from Bangor (up in Maine) like the Wabberly Nobbels?—Kase dey come from de Pen-ob-scot.' Now what'll you gib me, sah, for dat?"

I mildly rose from my chair, opened the door, and motioned the Freedman once more into the free air of the North. "Never again," said I, as he shuffled away, "do you attempt to pass off that thing as a white man's conundrum."

I frequently receive by letter conundrums of so evidently spurious character, that the senders would never have dared to present them to me in proper person. I will give a few specimens. The following was sent to me by a lady of no doubt a highly romantic turn of mind:—

"Why is a young sailor, whose birthplace was in the tempest-shaken mainport, like a lamb in the talons of the fierce Lammargeyer of the Alps? Because he was born aloft."

I wrote to the young lady, thanking her for the pleasure of perusing her manuscript, and offering to return it by mail, on receipt of the requisite stamps; but the stamps never came.

This is from a little girl:—

"Why is a boy, sticking on the horns of a wild bull, like a fashionable dres? Because he is gored."

I sent her sixpence.

The following came signed "A Boot-Black Boy:—"

"What's the difference between most of the people at the street fruit-stands and the burning of the buildings on Broadway and Fulton street the other night? The first are fig-buyers, and the others big fires."

A young fellow came to me, the other day, for medical treatment, and after I had written his prescription he made me the offer of a conundrum in lieu of the usual fee. I told him that if it was of sufficient value it would suit me as well as money, and he thereupon asked me if I knew Thomas Nast, the artist of the Opera Ball cartoons.

"Certainly I do," I replied.

"Well, what is the difference between his brother, up at the Circus in Fourteenth street, and—"

"He had no brother in the Circus," said I.

"Yes he has," said he; "Don't you know him?—Jim Nast."

"Never mind the conundrum," I cried, "I'll take the money, if you please."

Walking up Broadway, a short time since, I was touched on the shoulder, from behind, by a man who asked me if I had lost a conundrum.

"No," said I, feeling in my pockets, "I have not. Why do you ask?"

"This fellow here, behind us, has just found one—I saw him pick it up, and I thought it might be yours."

"Not at all," I said, and prepared to pass on.

"But, sir," said the man, seemingly quite anxious about the matter, "it won't do to let this man walk off with so valuable an article. I have no time to attend to the matter. I am going to Philadelphia by the cars, in about twenty minutes, and must either leave it to you, sir, or let the fellow off with his booty. Come, stop aside here, and we will consider the matter as quickly as we can;" and so saying, he led the other man (of whom he had taken hold as soon as he spoke to me) and myself to the shelter of some steps, and there we held our consultation.

"Now," said the man who had spoken before, "if this is not yours, the best thing that can be done is for you to take charge of it, give this fellow a little something as a reward, and take the conundrum to the police station, where the owner will soon claim it and return to you the trifling sum you may have advanced for it. I would pay him myself, but I am going away, and as you look like an honest man I am content to leave the matter in your hands."

"No doubt," said I, "just let me have a look at that conundrum," addressing the fellow in whose possession it was. He reached it out for me to glance at it, but before he could withdraw his hand I snatched the paper on which the conundrum was written and shouted, "Police!" In an instant the rascals had decamped, running down Dey street like frightened rabbits. Incensed as I was at this barefaced attempt to practice the drop-game on so old a New-Yorker as myself, I could not refrain from examining the precious treasure, about which so much solicitude had been displayed. Of course it was worthless—but part of a conundrum, and of no use to anyone. It ran thus:—

"What is the difference between a dyer of lamb's wool and a person who denies that the SATURDAY PRESS is the liveliest of the weeklies? Ans. One is a lamb-dyer and the other a——"

That was all there was of it.

Thinking that I have now said enough to put the public upon its guard against the deceptive attempts of conundrum counterfeiters, I will conclude this paper.

ANDREW SCOGGIN, M. D.

(For the Saturday Press.)

THE FLANEUR.

IV.

Majorum vixit sapientia occiderit.

"The trifles of adults are called business." Saint Augustine is the author of this statement, and he is good authority.

No doubt the pious old saint, in the calm quiet of his religious retirement, must have been often struck with the futility of the troubles and cares which excited his contemporaries.

The old man, however, spoke not as one without experience in such matters; his "Confessions" go to show that he had tested personally most of the emotions and anxieties which go to make up human life. With Schiller's disconsolate he could exclaim: *Ich habe geliebt und geliebet.*

In his day the natural and handy refuge of a flaneur, with an ascetic or contemplative turn of mind, was the cloister: it was a common opinion then that the only way of conquering the world was by running away from it.

Not a very brave course of action, and generally as unsuccessful as it is cowardly.

Somehow they found they were none the less men in the cloisters than they were out of them; the same small ambitions follow small men wherever they go.

If we had the confessions of Saint Simon Stylites we would doubtless find that he was as morbid as Rousseau.

All the authentic accounts we have, show that the monks were anything but a set of men who passed their lives in a constant state of religious enthusiasm; it seems very silly to us that they should have hoped, by isolating themselves, to have gained a state of constant peace and happiness.

And yet the same folly exists to-day; every one of us has an idea of some condition in which we will be as perfectly happy and contented when we attain it, as the boy expected to be when he grew up and became his own master sufficiently to suck candy and swing on a gate all day.

There was once a great potentate in Persia, who was seized with a nameless disease: nothing could please him: he was discontented and unhappy: all the men in his dominions who were famed for their learning in psychology, were called into consultation, and their final result was that his High Magnificence could be cured only by wearing the shirt of a contented man.

Thereupon was instituted a great search through all the potentate's dominions, until finally a contented man was found; but lo! the happy fellow was so poor that he had no shirt.

Fortunately for him he lived in Persia: here he would have been a vagrant, and treated to lodgings in the nearest police station.

We should do the same, doubtless, with a Diogenes if he proposed living in a tub; none of our police justices would, probably, consider it any defence for such eccentricity that the man who attempted it was the founder of a new sect in philosophy.

But if it were a Diogenes he would be quite as happy in the station house cell as elsewhere: and such a truly philosophic revenge would secure his victory.

It would be a most amusing contest—the Nineteenth Century in the person of a Police Justice, and the philosophers in the person of Diogenes!

Were I a sporting man, I would be willing to give large odds against the Justice.

And yet the victory would be but a barren one for Diogenes. His success would be as worthless as most success gained in the struggle of life, unless he was a man to whom such contests formed the whole that life could offer: but then he would no longer be Diogenes.

I remember a friend whom I once found anxious and preoccupied: he told me he had been so for some time: on questioning him I found that he was anxious about the pork market: he had engaged in a pork speculation.

"Why did you do so?" I asked.

"I thought I should make some money out of it." But if you did, would it pay you for the anxiety? You do not really want it: you have enough to do without this, and you are not fitted for it: you are not a man to turn every possibility in life, to contract all the interests worth living for, to an anxiety concerning the pork market. Let those engage in such matters to whom the world can offer nothing better: there are men to whom fighting is an excitement and a pleasure: who would rather fight than dine: let them find their pleasure in it, but do not engage in it yourself. A defeat to you is disastrous and a victory is worse than a defeat would be to them. You must come out of it bearing marks of the contest, which perhaps you cannot get rid of by simply shifting your clothes: nor could a victory ever prove a satisfaction to you."

He acknowledged the truth of what I said, perhaps, because his enterprise looked like a failure, and the last time I saw him he was speculating in petroleum.

We were young men together, when the world and the future looked to us as the world and the future look to all young men—so vague that we were careless of it, leaving it to come to us in its time, but making of our health and strength a pleasure and a delight, finding enough in each day's trifles as it was passing, and leaving the morrow to care for itself.

Now, my friend has an ambition, and his pork speculation was one of rounds of the ladder by which he sought to climb up to the platform where he promises himself ease and freedom from care, happiness and a life that is but the maturity of that which we led when youths, while I—well I sign myself

THE FLANEUR.

(From the Atlantic Monthly for April.)

MEPHISTOPHELEAN.

You have been, I presume, Madam, among the crowds of young and old; to the musical revival of the great wonder-work of the last century. You have heard the Frenchman's musical expression of the German poet's thought, uttered by the motley assemblage of nationalities which constitutes an opera troupe in these latter days. You have seen the learned Dr. Faustus's wig and gown whisked off behind his easy chair, and the rejuvenated Doctor emerge from his antiquated apparel as fresh and sprightly as Harlequin himself, to make love in Do; di-petios. You have seen the blonde young Gretchen, beauteous and pure at her spinning-wheel, gay and frolicsome before that box looking-glass and that kitchen table,—have heard her tender vows of affection and her passionate outbursts of despair. You have heard the timid Siebel warble out his adolescent longings for the gentle maid in the very scantiest of tunics, as becomes the fair proportions of the stage girl-boy. You have seen the respectable old Martha faint at the news of her husband's death, and forthwith engage in a desperate flirtation with the gentleman who brings the news. You have seen the gallant Valentin lead off the march of that band of stalwart warriors, who seem to have somehow lost the correct step in their weary campaigns. Your memory, even now, has a somewhat confused impression of Frederici, moonlight, Mazzoleni, Kermesse, Sulzer, gardens, Kellogg, churches, Himmer, flaming goblets, Stockton, and an angelic host with well-rounded calves in pink tights, radiant in the red light that, from some hidden regions, illuminates the aforesaid scantily clad angels, as they hang, like Mahomet's coffin, 'twixt heaven and earth.

But I question, Madam, whether the strongest impression which your memory retains be not exactly the one personage in the drama whom I have omitted to mention,—the red-legged, gleaming-eyed, loud-voiced gentleman who pulls the hidden wires which set all the other puppets in motion,—Mr. Mephistopheles himself. Marguerite, studied, refined, unimpassioned in the pretty Yankee girl,—simple, warm, outpouring in the sympathetic German woman,—and Faust, gallant, ardent, winning in the bright-eyed Italian,—thoughtful, tender, fervent in the intelligent German,—are background figures in the picture your memory paints; while the ubiquitous, sneering, specious, cunning, tempting, leering, unholy Mephistopheles is a character of himself, in the foreground, whose special interpreter you do not care to distinguish.

Ring down the curtain. Put out the lights. We will leave the mimic scene, and return to the broad stage of life, whereon all are actors and all are audience. There are Gretchens and Fausts everywhere—American, English, French, German, Italian—of all nations and tongues—but there is only one Mephistopheles. They have lived and loved and fallen and died. But he, indestructible, lives on to flash fire in the cups of beings yet unborn, and lurk with unholy intent in hearts which have not yet learned to beat. There is only one Mephistopheles; but he is protean in shape. The little gentleman in black, the hero of so many strange stories, is but the Teutonic incarnation of a spirit which takes many forms in many lands. Out of the brain of the great German poet he steps, in a guise which is known and recognized wherever the story of love and betrayal finds an echo in human hearts. Poor Gretchen! She had heard of Satan, and had been rocked to sleep by tales of the Lorelei, and knew from her Bible that there was an evil spirit in the world seeking whom he might devour. But little did she dream, when she stopped her spinning-wheel to think for a moment of the gallant young lover who wooed her so ardently, that the glance of his eye was lighted with the flame of eternal fire, and that the fond words of love he spoke hot breathings from the regions of the accursed. Poor Gretchen!

But, my dear Madam, this is all a fable. Mephistopheles—the real, vital, moving Mephistopheles—has outlived Goethe, and will outlast the very memory of the unhappy heroine of his noble poem. He walks the streets to-day as fresh and persuasive as when, in opifidian form, he haunted that lovely garden which is said to have once stood near the banks of the Euphrates, and there beguiled the mother of mankind. Your friend Asmodeus—albeit not the quondam friend of that name for whose especial amusement he unroofed so many houses in the last century, when he was suffering from severe loneliness—has a discerning eye to pierce his many disguises. He does not walk our streets now-a-days in red tights or with tinsel eyes; he does not limp about with a sardonic laugh; nor could you see the cloven hoof which is said to betray his identity. Were such the case, the little street-boys would point him out, and the daily papers, with which his friend Dr. Faustus had so much to do in their origin, would record his movements with greater eagerness than they do the comings and goings of generals and governors. No, my dear Madam, he assumes no such striking costumes. But he brushes by you in your daily walks, he sits beside you in the car, the theatre, and even in the church, in respectable, fashionable attire. Frank dickers with him in his counting-room, Tommy chases him in the playground, Mrs. Asmodeus makes him a fashionable call, and—God help us all!—we sometimes find him sitting domiciliated at our hearthstones. He changes like the wizard we used to read of in our wonderful fairy books, who was an ogre one moment and a mouse the next. He is more potent than the philosopher's stone; for that changed everything into gold only, while he becomes, at will, all the ores and alloys of creation. Fortunatus's wishing-cap and Prince Hussein's tapestry were baby toys to him. They whisked their owners away to the place where they wished, at the moment, to be. He is ubiquitous.

He lurks under the liberty-cap of the goddess whose features are stamped in the shining gold, and his laugh is the clink of the jingling pieces. He turns himself into a regal sceptre that sways the gaping crowd, and it becomes a magnet that draws with resistless power the outstretched, itching palms of men. He takes the witching form of woman, paints her pulpy cheek with peachy bloom, knots into grace her mass of weavy hair, lights in her sparkling eye the kindling flame, hangs on her pouting lip the expectant kiss, and bids her supple waist invite caress; and more seductive far than gold or power are these cunning lures to win men to bow down in abject, grovelling worship of his might. My dear Madam, I would not imply that your beauty and grace are exhibitions of his skill. By no manner of means! I faithfully believe that Frank was drawn to you by the holiest, purest, best of emotions. But then, you know, so many of your lovely sex are under the influence of that cunning gentleman while they least suspect it. When a poor girl who owns but one jewel on earth—the priceless one that adorns and ennobles her lowliness—barters that treasure away for the cheap glitter of polished stones or the rustling sweep of gaudy silk, is not the basish gleam of the Mephistophelean eye visible in the sparkling of those gewgaws and the sheen of that stuff? When your friend Asmodeus, honest in his modest self-respect, is most ignominiously ignored by the stylish Mrs. Money,—her father was a cobbler,—more noted for brocades than brains, or the refined Miss Blood,—her grandfather was third-cousin to some Revolutionary major,—more distinguished for shallowness than for spirit,—does he not smile in his sleeve, with great irreverence for the brocades and the birth, at the easy way in which the old fellow has wheeled them into his power by tickling their conceit and vanity? He creeps into all sorts of corners, and lurks in the smallest of hiding-places. He lies perdu in the folds of the figurante's gauze, nestles under the devotee's sombre veil, waves in flirt's fan, and swims in the gossip's teacup. He burrows in a dimple, floats on a sigh, rides on a glance, and hovers in a thought.

But I would not infer, Madam, that he is the particular pet of the fair, or that he specially devotes himself to their subjugation. It is certain that he employs them with his most cunning skill, and sways the world most powerfully by their regnant charms. But the lords of creation are likewise the slaves of his will and the dupes of his deception. He bestrides the nib of the statesman's pen and guides it into falsehood and treason. He perches on the cardinal's hat and counsel's bigotry and oppression. He sits on the tradesman's counter and bears down the unweighted scale. He hides in the lawyer's bag and makes spacious pleas for adroit rogues. He slips into the gambler's greasy pack and rolls over his yellow dice. He dances on the bubbles of the drunkard's glass, swings on the knot of the planter's lash, and darts on the point of the assassin's knife. He revels in a coarse oath, laughs in a perjured vow, and breathes in a lie. He has kept celebrated company in times gone by. He was Superintendent of the Coliseum when the Christian martyrs were given to the wild beasts. He was long time a familiar in the Spanish Inquisition, and adviser of the Catholic priesthood in those days, and Governor of the Bastille afterwards. He was the king's minister of pleasure in the days of the latter Louises. He was court chaplain when Ridel and Latimer were burned. He was Charles IX.'s private secretary at the time of the St. Bartholomew affair, and Robespierre's right-hand man in the days of Terror. He was Benedict Arnold's counsellor, Jefferson Davis's bed-fellow, and John Wilkes Booth's bosom friend.

A personage, and yet none ever saw him. His cloven hoof, his twisted horns, his suit of black, his

gleaming eyes, his limbs of flame are but the poet's dream, the painter's collar.

Mephistopheles is but the creature of our fancy, and exists but in the fears, the passions, the desires of mankind. He is born in hearts where love is linked with license, in minds where pride weds with folly, in souls where piety unites with intolerance. We never meet the roaring lion in our path; yet our hearts are torn by his fangs and lacerated by his claws. We never see the sardonic cavalier; yet we hear his specious whisperings in our ears. The sunlight of truth shines forever upon us; yet we sit in the cold shadow of error. We put the cup of pleasure to our lips, and quaff, instead of cooling draughts, the fiery flashes of searing excess. We long for forbidden delights, and when the fiend Opportunity places them within our reach, we sign the compact of our misery to obtain them. The charmed circle this unholy spirit draws around his fatal power is traced along the devious line that marks our weakness and our ignorance. Storm as we may, he stands intrenched within our souls, defying all our wrath. But he shrinks and crouches before us when, bold and fearless, we lift the cross of truth, and bid him fly the upborne might of our intelligence. Mephistopheles is an unholy spirit, nestling in the hearts of myriads of poor human beings who never heard of Goethe.

Long after the mimic scene in which he shares shall have been forgot,—long after the sirens who have warbled poor Gretchen's joys and sorrows shall have mouldered in their graves,—long after the witching beauty of the Frenchman's harmony shall have been forever hushed,—long after the very language in which the German poet portrayed him shall have passed into oblivion,—will Mephistopheles carry his diabolisms into the souls of human kind, and hold their his mystic reign. Yet there are those, and you find Asmodeus is one, who dream of a day when the Mephistophelean dynasty is to be overthrown, when the sappers and miners of the great army of human progress are to besiege him in his strong-holds, and to lead him captive in eternal bondage.

Of all the guides who lead that mighty host, none rank above the Faust of whom tradition tells such wondrous tales. Not the bewigged and motley personage Gounod has sung, not the impassioned lover Goethe drew, but the great genius who first taught mankind to stamp its wisdom in imperishable characters, and to bequeath it unto races yet to rise. The Faust of history shall long outlive the Faust of wild romance. The victim in the transient poem shall be a conqueror in the unwritten chronicles of time.

My dear Madam, let us draw around us a charmed circle; not with the trenchant point of murderous steel, but with the type that Faust gave to the world. Within its bounds, intelligence and thought shall guard us safe from Mephistopheles. Come he in whatever guise he may, its subtle potency shall, like Ithuriel's spear, compel him to display his real form in all its native ugliness and dread. And we must pass away; yet may we leave behind, secure in the defence we thus may raise, the dear ones that we love, to be the parents of an angel race that, in the distant days to come, shall tread the sod above our long-forgotten dust.

(From the Round Table.)

WHY HAVE SPEECHES IN CONGRESS.

No intelligent person can have read the reports of the proceedings in Congress during the present session without asking himself the question which we have placed at the head of this article. Debates are generally of use in many ways. The reports of the discussions in the earlier Congresses furnish material for the publicists of to-day, and shed much light upon subjects which in their time engrossed the mind of the people and enlisted the support or aroused the opposition of statesmen. But within a few years a change has taken place. Statesmen, in the true sense of the word, are painfully few in number. The men whom the nation now delights to honor are too often partisans, who use what influence they may wield for the benefit of themselves and their party. If any question is presented to them one can always tell beforehand just what view they will take of it. True, there are minor issues upon which members of the same party may differ, but they are comparatively so few and so insignificant as hardly to deserve mention. The most of them are local in their bearing or have but little relation to national affairs.

In view of this, we suggest that no more speeches be made in Congress except upon questions which involve no party issues. The truth is, the people are tired of the bancombe harangues which senators and representatives spend so much of their time in delivering. There are very many bills and resolutions introduced which are sure to pass or not to pass according as they emanate from the dominant party or its opponents.

Upon all such issues everybody knows beforehand which side Mr. Sumner, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Wade, Mr. Fessenden, Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Davis will take in the Senate; nor is there the slightest doubt as to what course will be taken in the House of Representatives by Mr. Stevens, Mr. Garfield, Mr. Blingham, Mr. Kelley, Mr. Rogers, and a score of others who make it a point to say something on almost every question that is presented to the house. The political opinions of these gentlemen are well known, and it is too bad that they should seize every opportunity to ventilate them. We refer more particularly to the members of the House when we say that the country is sick of their unending harangues, in-

tended for home consumption, and more suitable for the stump than for the Capitol. On questions of finance, of internal improvements, or of our foreign relations, it is well that they should speak, since in the "multitude of counselors there may be wisdom," and, moreover, they can say what they please without fear of losing caste with their party associates or their constituents. But on all partisan measures their votes are all the record that is needed. These tell quite as well upon what side they are, and consume less time than speeches.

Congress has been in session four months and a half, and has spent nine-tenths of the time in debating measures the fate of which was certain five minutes after they were proposed—and all because a number of men desire to deliver themselves to stump speeches with a view to being renominated and re-elected next fall. Now, why cannot all this come to an end? Time is too precious to be squandered thus. There are questions waiting to be settled which will require the fullest discussion and involve no partisan considerations. When they come before Congress extended debates will be in order, as their inherent importance will demand that they be examined with strictest scrutiny. But it is not so with the questions which involve party issues. As Congress is now constituted, a party measure introduced by the majority is sure of being passed, and why waste words in discussing it? The time may come when we will have statesmen who can rise above parties and devote themselves solely to the public weal; but it has not come yet, and so long as the present state of affairs exists it is to be hoped that there will be no more stump speeches in Congress. They are unprofitable, unnecessary, nauseating.

The ATLANTIC MONTHLY for May contains a sketch entitled "The Harmonists," by the author of "Life in the Iron Mills"; a poem, entitled "Abraham Davenport," by John G. Whittier; a continuation of "The Last Days of Walter Savage Landor," by Miss Kate Field; a poem, entitled "To-morrow," by H. W. Longfellow; Part XVI. of "Doctor Johns," by Donald G. Mitchell; No. V. of "Passages from Hawthorne's Note Books"; "The Fenian Idea," by Frances Power Cobbe; an article on Edwin Booth, by E. C. Stedman; "Among the Laurels," a poem by Mrs. Aker; Part VI. of "Griffith Gaunt," by Charles Reade; a financial paper, entitled "What will it cost us?" by E. H. Derby; "Mephistophelean," by C. J. Sprague; "Mr. Hosea Biglow's Speech at March Meeting," by James Russell Lowell; "The Question of Monuments," by W. D. Howells; and the usual variety of Reviews and Book Notices.

Messrs. Leavitt, Strebeigh & Co., No. 498 Broadway, will hold a peculiarly interesting book-sale next Monday evening, the catalogue of which (now ready) includes a superb copy of "Cato Major," printed by Franklin; a full set of Munsell's Historical Series; the Bradford Club publications: Ralph Hamor's "Virginia"; Hubbard's "Indian Wars"; Sanderson's "Signers of the Declaration of Independence"; and a variety of other historical and genealogical works, such as can rarely be procured either at public or private sales.

AMUSEMENTS.

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Tickets for sale at the principal music-stores.
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Orchestral Pieces—Beethoven's Symphony, No. 7; Overtures: Faust, Wagner; and Les Francs Juges, Berlioz.
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Doors open at 7; to commence at 8 o'clock.
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SECOND GRAND ORGAN CONCERT
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SUNDAY EVENING, April 22, at 8 o'clock.
The great success attending the first organ exhibition has induced the management to announce a series of like entertainments, the second of which will take place on SUNDAY evening, April 22, when the following favorite artists will perform in an ENTIRELY NEW PROGRAMME OF SACRED MUSIC.
MRS. MARIE ABBOTT, Soprano;
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STORM SCENE WITH PECULIAR EFFECTS.
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(Continued from Page 3.)

of books, a great library of good books, which you proceed to study and to read. What the universities have mainly done—what I have found the university did for me—was that it taught me to read in various languages and various sciences, so that I could go into the books that treated of these things, and pry into anything I wanted to make myself master of gradually, as I found it suit me. Whatever you may think of all that, the clearest and most imperative duty lies on every one of you to be assiduous in your reading. Learn to be good readers—which is, perhaps, a more difficult thing than you imagine. Learn to be discriminative in your reading—to read all kinds of things that you have an interest in, and that you find to be really fit for what you are engaged in. Of course, at the present time, in a great deal of the reading incumbent on you, you must be guided by the books recommended to you by your professors for assistance toward the effect of their predilections. And then, when you get out of the university, and go into studies of your own, you will find it very important that you have selected a field, a province in which you can study and work. The most unhappy of all men is the man that cannot tell what he is going to do, that has got no work cut out for him in the world and does not go into it. For work is the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind—honest work, which you intend getting done. If you are in a strait, a very good indication as to choice—perhaps the best you could get—is a book you have a great curiosity about. You are then in the readiest and best of all possible conditions to improve by that book. It is analogous to what doctors tell us about the physical health and appetites of the patient. You must learn to distinguish between false appetite and real. There is such a thing as a false appetite, which will lead a man into vagaries with regard to diet, will tempt him to eat spicy things which he should not eat at all, and would not but that it is toothsome, and from a momentary baseness of mind. A man ought to inquire and find out what he really and truly has an appetite for—what suits his constitution; and that, do you tell him, is the very thing he ought to have, in general. And so with books. As applicable to almost all of you, I will say that it is highly expedient to go into history—to inquire into what has passed before you in the family of man. The history of the Romans and Greeks will first of all concern you; and you will find that the classical knowledge you have got will be extremely applicable to elucidate that. There you have the most remarkable races of men in the world set before you—to say nothing of the languages, which your professors can better explain, and which, I believe, are admitted to be the most perfect orders of speech we have yet found to exist among men. And you will find, if you read well, a pair of extremely remarkable nations shining in the records left by themselves, as a kind of pillar to light up life in the darkness of the past ages; and it will be well worth your while if you can get into the understanding of what these people were, and what they did. You will find a great deal of hearsay, as I have found, that does not touch on the matter; but perhaps some of you will get to see Roman and Greek face to face; you will know in some measure how they contrived to exist, and to perform their feats in the world. I believe, also, you will find a thing not much noted, that there was a very great deal of deep religion in both nations. That is noted by the wisest of historians, and particularly by Ferguson, who is particularly well worth reading on Roman history—and who, I believe, was an alumnus of our own university. His book is a very creditable book. He points out the profoundly religious nature of the Roman people, notwithstanding the wildness and ferociousness of their nature. They believed that Jupiter Optimus Maximus was the lord of the universe, and that he had appointed the Romans to become the chief of men, provided they followed his commands—to brave all difficulty, and to stand up with an invincible front—to be ready to do and die; and also to have the same sacred regard to veracity, to promise, to integrity, and all the virtues that surround that noblest quality of man—courage—to which the Romans gave the name of virtue, manhood, as the one thing ennobling for a man. In the literary ages of Rome, that had very much decayed away; but still it had retained its place among the lower classes of the Roman people. Of the deeply religious nature of the Greeks, along with their beautiful and sunny effulgences of art, you have striking proof, if you look for it.

In the tragedies of Sophocles, there is a most distinct recognition of the eternal justice of heaven, and the unfailing punishment of crime against the laws of God. I believe you will find in all histories that that has been at the head and foundation of them all; and that no nation that did not contemplate this wonderful universe with an awe-stricken and reverential feeling that there was a great unknown, omnipotent, and all-wise, and all-virtuous Being, superintending all men in it, and all interests in it—no nation ever came to very much, nor did any man either, who forgot that. If a man did forget that, he forgot the most important part of his mission in this world. Our own history of England, which you will take a great deal of natural pains to make yourselves acquainted with, you will find beyond all others worthy of your study; because I believe that the British nation—and I include in that the Scottish nation—produced a finer set of men than any you will find it possible to get anywhere else in the world. I don't know in any history of Greece or Rome where you will get so fine a man

as Oliver Cromwell. And we have had men worthy of memory in our little corner of the island here as well as others, and our history has been strong at least in being connected with the world-history—for if you examine well you will find that John Knox was the author, as it were, of Oliver Cromwell; that the Puritan revolution would never have taken place in England at all had it not been for that Scotchman. That is an authentic fact, and is not prompted by national vanity on my part at all. And it is very possible, if you look at the struggle that was then going on in England, as I have had to do in my time, you will see that the people were overawed by the immense impediments lying in the way. A small minority of God-fearing men in the country were flying away with any ship they could get to New England, rather than take the lion by the beard. They dare not confront the powers with their most just complaints, to be delivered from idolatry. They wanted to make the nation altogether conformable to the Hebrew Bible, which they understood to be according to the will of God; and their could be no aim more legitimate. However, they could not have got their desire fulfilled at all if Knox had not succeeded by the firmness and nobleness of his mind. For he is also the select of the earth to me—John Knox. What he has suffered from the ungrateful generations that have followed him should really make us humble ourselves to the dust, to think that the most excellent man our country has produced, to whom we owe everything that distinguishes us among modern nations, should have been so sneered at and abused. Knox was heard by Scotland—the people heard him with the marrow of their bones—they took up his doctrine, and they defied principalities and powers to move them from it. “We must have it,” they said. It was in that time the Puritan struggle arose in England, and you know well that the Scottish earls and nobility, with their tenantry, marched away to Dunse Hill, and sat down there; and just in the course of that struggle, when it was either to be suppressed or brought into greater vitality, they encamped on the top of Dunse Hill 30,000 armed men, drilled for that occasion, each regiment around its landlord, its earl, or whatever he might be called, and eager for Christ's crown and covenant. That was the signal for all England rising up into unappeasable determination to have the gospel there also; and you know it went on and came to be a contest whether the Parliament or the King should rule—whether it should be old formalities, and use, and wont, or something that had been of new conceived in the souls of men, namely, a divine determination to walk according to the laws of God here as the sum of all prosperity—which of these should have the mastery; and after a long, long agony of struggle, it was decided—the way we know. I should say also of that protectorate of Oliver Cromwell's—notwithstanding the abuse it has encountered, and the denial of everybody that it was able to get on in the world, and so on—it appears to me to have been the most salutary thing in the modern history of England, on the whole. If Oliver Cromwell had continued it out I don't know what it would have come to. It would have got corrupted, perhaps, in other hands, and could not have gone on; but it was pure and true to the last fibre in his mind; there was truth in it when he ruled over it. Machiavelli has remarked, in speaking about the Romans, that democracy cannot exist anywhere in the world; that as a government it is an impossibility that it should be continued; and he goes on proving that in his own way. I do not ask you all to follow him in this conviction, but it is to him a clear truth that it is a solecism and impossibility that the universal mass of men should govern themselves. He says of the Romans that they continued a long time, but it was purely in virtue of this item in their constitution—namely, that they had all the conviction in their minds that it was solemnly necessary at times to appoint a dictator—a man who had the power of life and death over everything—who degraded men out of their places, ordered them for execution, and did whatever seemed to him good in the name of God above him. He was commanded to take care that the republic suffered no detriment, and Machiavelli calculates that that was the thing that purified the social system from time to time and enabled it to continue as it did—an extremely likely thing, if it was composed of nothing but bad and tumultuous men triumphing in general over the better, and all going the bad road, in fact. Well, Oliver Cromwell's Protectorate, or Dictatorate if you will, lasted for about ten years; and you will find that nothing that was contrary to the laws of heaven was allowed to live by Oliver. For example, it was found by his parliament, called “Barebones”—the most zealous of all parliaments, probably—that the Court of Chancery in England was in a state that was really capable of no apology—no man could get up and say that that was a right court. There were, I think, fifteen thousand, or fifteen hundred, I really don't remember which, but we shall call it by the last—there were fifteen hundred cases lying in it undecided; and one of them, I remember, for a large amount of money, was 83 years old, and it was going on still; wigs were waving over it, and lawyers were taking their fees, and there was no end of it. Upon which the Barebones people, after deliberation about it, thought it was expedient and commanded by the Author of Man and the Fountain of Justice, and for the true and right, to abolish the Court. Really, I don't know who could have dissented from that opinion. At the same time, it was thought by those who were wiser, and had more experience of the world, that it was a very dangerous thing, and would never suit at all. The lawyers began to make an immense noise about it. All the public—the

great mass of solid and well-disposed people who had got no deep insight into such matters, were very adverse to it, and the President of it—old Sir Francis Rous, who translated the Psalms—those that we sing every Sunday in the church yet—a very good man, and a wise man, and Provost of Eton—he got a great number of the parliament to go to Oliver the Dictator and lay down their functions altogether and declare officially with their signatures on Monday morning that the parliament was dissolved. The thing was passed on Saturday night, and on Monday morning Rous came and said, “We cannot carry on the affair any longer, and we remit it into the hands of your highness.” Oliver, in that way, became Protector a second time. I give you this as an instance that Oliver felt that the parliament that had been dismissed had been perfectly right with regard to Chancery, and that there was no doubt of the propriety of abolishing Chancery, or reforming in it some kind of way. He considered it, and this is what he did. He assembled 60 of the wisest lawyers to be found in England. Happily, they were great men in the law—men who valued the laws as much as anybody does now, I suppose. Oliver said to them, “Go and examine this thing, and in the name of God inform me what is necessary to be done with regard to it. You will see how we may clean out the foul things in it that render it poison to everybody.” Well, they sat down then, and in the course of six weeks—there was no public speaking then, no reporting of speeches, and no babble of any kind, there was just the business on hand—they got sixty propositions fixed in their minds of the things that required to be done. And upon these sixty propositions Chancery was reconstituted and remodeled, and so it has lasted to our time. It had become a nuisance, and could not have continued much longer. That is an instance of the manner in which things were done when a dictatorship prevailed in the country, and that was what the Dictator did. Upon the whole, I do not think that, in general, out of common history books, you will ever get into the real history of this country, or anything particular which it would be a boon to you to know. You may read very ingenious and very clever books by men whom it would be the height of insolence in me to do any other thing than express my respect for. But their position is essentially skeptical. Man is unhappily in that condition that he will make only a temporary explanation of anything, and you will not be able, if you are like these men, to understand how this island came to be what it is. You will not find it recorded in books. You will find recorded in books a jumble of tumults, disastrous ineptitudes, and all that kind of thing. But to get what you want you will have to look into side sources, and inquire in all directions. I remember getting Collin's “Peerage” to read—a very poor peerage as a work of genius, but an excellent book for diligence and fidelity. I was writing on Oliver Cromwell at the time. I could get no biographical dictionary, and I thought the peerage book would help me, at least tell me whether people were old or young, and about all persons concerned in the actions about which I wrote. I got a great deal of help out of poor Collins. He was a diligent and dark London bookseller of about a hundred years ago, who compiled out of all kinds of parchment chests, archives, books that were authentic, and all kinds of things out of which he could get it, the information he wanted. He was a very meritorious man. I not only found the solution of anything I wanted there, but I began gradually to perceive this immense fact, which I really advise every one of you who read history to look out for, if he has not already found it. It was that the Kings of England, all the way from the Norman Conquest down to the time of Charles the First had appointed, so far as they knew, those who deserved to be appointed peers. They were all royal men, with minds full of justice, and valor, and humanity, and all kinds of qualities that are good for men to have who ought to rule over others. Then their genealogy was remarkable—and there is a great deal more in genealogies than is generally believed at present. I never heard tell of any clever man that came out of entirely stupid people. If you look around the families of your acquaintance, you will see such cases in all directions—I know that it has been the case in mine. I can trace the father, and the son, and the grandson, and the family stamp is quite distinctly legible upon each of them, so that it goes for a great deal—the hereditary principle—in government as in other things; and it must be recognized as soon as there is any fixity in things. You will remark that, if at any time the genealogy of a peerage fails—if the man that actually holds the peerage is a fool in these earnest, striking times—the man gets into mischief and gets into treason; he gets himself extinguished altogether, in fact. From those documents of old Collins, it seems that a peer conducts himself in a solemn, good, pious, manly kind of way when he takes leave of life, and when he has hospitable habits, and is valiant in his procedure throughout; and that in general a King, with a noble approximation to what was right, had nominated this man, saying, “Come you to me, Sir; come out of the common level of the people where you are liable to be trampled upon; come here and take a district of country, and make it into your own image more or less; be a king under me, and understand that that is your function.” I say that this is the most divine thing that a human being can do to other human beings, and no kind of thing whatever has so much of the character of God Almighty's divine government as that thing we see that went all over England, and that is the grand soul of England's history. It is historically true that down to the time of Charles I. it was not understood that any man was made a peer

without having a merit in him to constitute him a proper subject for a peerage. In Charles I.'s time it grew to be known or said that, if a man was by birth a gentleman, and was worth £10,000, and bestowed his gifts up and down among courtiers, he could be made a peer. Under Charles II, it went on with still more rapidity, and has been going on with ever increasing velocity until we see the perfect now a peerage is a paltry kind of thing to what it was in those old times. I could go into a great many more details about things of that sort, but I must turn to another branch of the subject. One remark more about your reading. I do not know whether it has been sufficiently brought home to you that there are two kinds of books. When a man is reading on any kind of subject, in most departments of books—in all books, if you take it in a wise sense—you will find that there is a division of good books and bad books—there is a good kind of a book and a bad kind of a book. I am not to assume that you are all very ill acquainted with this; but I may remind you that it is a very important consideration at present. It casts aside altogether the idea that people have, that, if they are reading any book—that if an ignorant man is reading any book, he is doing rather better than nothing at all. I entirely call that in question. I even venture to deny it. It would be much safer and better would he have no concern with books at all. There are a number, an increasing number of books that are decidedly to him not useful. But he will learn also that a certain number of books were written by a supreme, noble kind of people—not a very great number, but still a number adhere more or less to that side of things. In short, as I have written it down somewhere else, I conceive that books are like men's souls—divided into sheep and goats. Some of them are calculated to be of very great advantage in teaching—in forwarding the teaching of all generations. Others are going down, down, doing more and more, wilder and wilder mischief. And for the rest, in regard to all your studies here, and whatever you may learn, you are to remember that the object is not particular knowledge—that you are going to get higher in technical perfections, and all that sort of thing.

There is a higher aim lies at the rear of all that, especially among those who are intended for literary or speaking pursuits, or the sacred profession. You are ever to bear in mind that there lies behind that the acquisition of what may be called wisdom—namely, sound appreciation and just decision as to all the objects that come round about you, and the habit of behaving with justice and wisdom. In short—great is wisdom—great is the value of wisdom. It cannot be exaggerated; it is the highest achievement of man—“Blessed is he that getteth understanding.” And that, I believe, occasionally may be missed very easily; but never more easily than now, I think. If that is a failure, all is a failure. However, I will not touch further upon that matter. In this University, I learn from many sides, that there is a great and considerable stir about endowments. But I should have said in regard to book reading, if it be so very important, how very useful would an excellent library be in every university. I hope that will not be neglected by those who have charge of you—and, indeed, I am happy to hear that your library is very much improved since the time I knew it; and I hope it will go on improving more and more. You require money to do that, and you require also judgment in the selectors of the books—plous insight into what is really for the advantage of human souls, the exclusion of all kinds of clap-trap books which merely excite the astonishment of foolish people—and the choice of wise books—as much as possible good books. As I was saying, there appears to be a great demand for endowments—an assiduous and praiseworthy industry for getting new funds collected for encouraging the ingenious youth of universities, especially in this the chief University in the country. Well, I entirely participate in everybody's approval of the movement. It is very desirable. It should be responded to, and one expects most assuredly will. At least, if it is not, it will be shameful to the country of Scotland, which never was so rich in money as at the present moment, and never stood so much in need of getting noble universities to counteract many influences that are springing up alongside of money. It should not be backward in coming forward in the way of endowments—at least in rivalry to our rude old barbarous ancestors, as we have been pleased to call them. Such munificence as theirs is beyond all praise, and to them, I am sorry to say, we are not yet by any manner of means equal, or approaching equality. There is an overabundance of money, and sometimes I cannot help thinking that probably never has there been at any other time in Scotland the hundredth part of the money that now is, or even the thousandth part, for whenever I go there is that gold-suggeting—that prosperity. Many men are counting their balances by millions. Money was never so abundant, and nothing that is good to be done with it. No man knows—or very few men know—what benefit to get out of his money. In fact, it too often is secretly a curse to him. Much better for him never to have had any. But I do not expect that generally to be believed. Nevertheless, I should think it a beautiful relief to many a man that has an honest purpose struggling in him to bequeath a handsome house of refuge, so to speak, for some meritorious man, who may hereafter be born into the world, to enable him a little to get on in his way. To do, in fact, as those old Norman kings whom I have described to you—to raise a man out of the dirt and mud where he is getting trampled, unworthily on his part, into some kind of position where he may acquire the power to do some good in

h is generation. I hope that as much as possible will be done in that way; that efforts will not be relaxed till the thing is in a satisfactory state. At the same time, in regard to the classical department of things, it is to be desired that it were properly supported—that we could allow people to go and devote more leisure possibly to the cultivation of particular departments. We might have more of this from Scotch universities than we have. I am bound, however, to say that it does not appear as if of late times endowment was the real soul of the matter. The English, for example, are the richest people for endowments on the face of the earth in their universities; and it is a remarkable fact that since the time of Bentley you cannot name anybody that has gained a great name in scholarship among them, or constituted a point of revolution in the pursuits of men in that way. The man that does that is a man worthy of being remembered among men, although he may be a poor man and not endowed with worldly wealth. One man that actually did constitute a revolution was the son of a poor weaver in Saxony, who edited his Tibullus in Dresden in the room of a poor comrade, and who, while he was editing his Tibullus, had to gather his pence-cod shells on the streets and boil them for his dinner. That was his endowment. But he was recognized soon to have done a great thing. His name was Heyne. I can remember it was quite a revolution in my mind when I got hold of that man's book on Virgil. I found that for the first time I had understood him, and that he had introduced me for the first time into an insight of Roman life, and pointed out the circumstances in which these works were written and given their interpretation; and it has gone on in all manner of development, and it has spread out into other countries. Upon the whole, there is one reason why endowments are not given now as they were in old days, when they founded abbeys, colleges, and all kinds of things of that description, with such success as we know. All that has changed now. Why that has decayed away may in part be that people have become doubtful that colleges are now the real sources of that which I call wisdom; whether they are anything more—anything much more—than a cultivating of man in the specific arts. In fact, there has been a suspicion of that kind in the world for a long time. What is an old saying, an old proverb "An ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of clergy?" There is a suspicion that a man is perhaps not nearly so wise as he looks, or because he has poured out speech so copiously. When the seven free arts on which the old universities were based came to be modified a little, in order to be convenient for, or to promote the wants of modern society—though perhaps some of them are obsolete enough even yet for some of us—there arose a feeling that mere vocality, mere culture of speech, if that is what comes out of a man, even though he may be a great speaker, an eloquent orator, yet there is no real substance there—if that is what was required and aimed at by the man himself, and by the community that set him upon becoming a learned man. Maid-servants, I hear people complaining, are getting instructed in the "ologies," and so on, and are apparently totally ignorant of brewing, boiling, and baking—above all things, not taught what is necessary to be known, from the highest to the lowest—strict obedience, humility, and correct moral conduct. Oh, it is a dismal chapter all that if one went into it!—what has been done by rushing after fine speech. I have written down some very fierce things about that, perhaps considerably more emphatic than I would wish them to be now; but they are deeply my conviction. There is very great necessity indeed of getting a little more silent than we are. It seems to me, the finest nations of the world—the English and the American—are going all away into wind and tongue. But it will appear sufficiently tragical by-and-by, long after I am away out of it. Silence is the eternal duty of a man. He won't get to any real understanding of what is complex, and what is more than any other pertinent to his interests, without maintaining silence. "Watch the tongue" is a very old precept, and a most true one. I do not want to discourage any of you from your Demosthenes, and your studies of the niceties of language and all that. Believe me, I value that as much as any of you. I consider it a very graceful thing and a proper thing for every human creature to know what the implements which he uses in communicating his thoughts is, and how to make the very utmost of it. I want you to study Demosthenes, and know all his excellences. At the same time, I must say that speech does not seem to me, on the whole to have turned to almost any good account. Why tell me that a man is a fine speaker if it is not the truth that he is speaking? Phocion, who did not speak at all, was a great deal nearer biting the mark than Demosthenes. He used to tell the Athenians, "You can't fight Philip. You have not the slightest chance with him. He is a man who holds his tongue; he has great disciplined armies; he can bribe anybody you like in your cities here; he is going on steadily with an unvarying aim towards his object; and he will infallibly beat any kind of men such as you, going on raging from shore to shore with all that rampant nonsense." Demosthenes said to him one day: "The Athenians will get mad some day and kill you." "Yes," Phocion says, "me, when they are mad, and as soon as they get sane again, you." It is also told about him going to Messene on some deputation that the Athenians wanted on some kind of matter of an intricate and contentious nature, that Phocion went with some story in his mouth to speak about. He was a man of few words, of no unveracity and after he had gone on telling the story a certain time, there

was one burst of interruption. One man interrupted with something he tried to answer, and then another and, finally, the people began bragging and bawling in endless debate. Phocion drew back altogether struck dumb, and would not speak another word to any man, and he left it to them to decide in any way they liked. It appears to me there is a kind of eloquence in which is equal to anything Demosthenes ever said, "Take your own way, and let me out altogether." All these considerations, and manifold more connected with them—innumerable considerations, resulting from observation of the world at this moment—have led many people to doubt of the salutary effect of vocal education altogether. I do not mean to say it should be entirely excluded; but I look to something that will take hold of the matter much more closely, and not allow it to slip out of our fingers, and remain worse than it was. For, if a good speaker—an eloquent speaker—is not speaking the truth, is there a more horrid kind of object in creation? Of such speech I hear all manner and kind of people say it is excellent; but I care very little how he said it, provided I understand it, and it be true. Excellent speaker? but what if he is telling me things that are not true, that are not the fact about it—if he has formed a wrong judgment about it—if he has no judgment in his mind to form a right conclusion in regard to the matter? An excellent speaker of that kind is, as it were, saying: "Ho, every one that wants to be persuaded of the thing that is not true, come hither!" I would recommend you to be very chary of what kind of excellent speech. Well, all that being the too-well known products of our method of vocal education—the mouth merely operating on the tongue of the pupil, and teaching him to wag it in a particular way—it has made a great many thinking men entertain a very great distrust of this not very salutary way of procedure, and they have longed for some kind of practical way of working out the business. There would be room for a great deal of description about it, if I went into it; but I must content myself with saying that the most remarkable piece of reading that you may be recommended to take and try if you can study it, is a book by Goethe—one of his last books, which he wrote when he was an old man of about 70 years of age—I think one of the most beautiful he ever wrote; full of mild wisdom, and which is found to be very touching by those who have eyes to discern and hearts to feel it. It is one of the pieces in "Wilhelm Meister's Travels." I read it through many years ago; and, of course, I had to read into its very heart when I was translating it, and it has always dwelt in my mind as about the most remarkable bit of writing that I have known to be executed in these late centuries. I have often said, there are ten pages of that which, if ambition had been my only rule, I would rather have written than have written all the books that have appeared since I came into the world. Deep, deep is the meaning of what is said there. These pages turn on the Christian religion, and the religious phenomena of Christian life—altogether sketched out in the most airy, graceful delicately wise kind of way, so as to keep himself out of the common controversies of the street and of the forum, yet to indicate what was the result of things he had been long meditating upon. Among others, he introduces in an aerial, slightly kind of way, with here and there a touch which grows into a beautiful picture, a scheme of entirely mute education, at least with no more speech than is absolutely necessary for what they have to do. Three of the wisest men that can be got are met to consider what is the function which transcends all others in importance to build up the young generation, which shall be free from all that perilous stuff that has been weighing us down, and clogging every step, and which is the only thing we can hope to go on with if we would leave the world a little better, and not the worse, of our having been in it for those who are to follow.

The man who is the eldest of the three says to Goethe: "You give by Nature to the well-formed children you bring into the world a great many precious gifts, and very frequently these are best of all developed by Nature herself, with a very slight assistance where assistance is seen to be wise and profitable, and with forbearance very often on the part of the overlooker of the process of education; but there is one thing that no child brings into the world with it, and without which all other things are of no use." Wilhelm, who is there beside him, says, "What is that?" "All who enter the world want it," says the eldest; "perhaps you yourself." Wilhelm says, "Well tell me what it is?" "It is," says the eldest, "Reverence." *Ehrfurcht*—"Reverence!" Honor done to those who are grander and better than you, without fear; distinct from fear. *Ehrfurcht*—The soul of all religion that ever has been among men, or ever will be." And then he goes into practicality. He practically distinguishes the kinds of religion that are in the world, and he makes out three reverences. The first and simplest is that of reverence for what is above us. It is the soul of all the pagan religions; there is nothing better in man than that. Then there is reverence for what is around us and about us—reverence for our equals, to which he attributes an immense power in the culture of man. The third is reverence for what is beneath us—to learn to recognise in pain, sorrow and contradiction, even in those things, odious as they are to flesh and blood—to learn that there lies in these a priceless blessing. And he defines that as being the soul of the Christian religion—the highest of all religions; a height, as Goethe says—and that

is very true, even to the letter, as I consider—a height to which the human species was fated and enabled to attain, and from which, having once attained it, it can never retrograde. It cannot descend down below that permanently, Goethe's idea is. Often one thinks it was good to have a faith of that kind—that always, in the most degraded, sunken, and unbelieving times, he calculates there will be found some few souls that will recognize what that meant; and that, the world having once received it, there is no fear of its retrograding. He goes on then to tell us the way in which they seek to teach boys—in the sciences particularly, whatever the boy is fit for. Wilhelm left his own boy there, expecting they would make him a master of arts or something of the kind; and when he comes back for him, he sees a thunder cloud of dust coming over the plain, of which he could make nothing. It turned out to be a tempest of wild horses, managed by young lads who had a turn for hunting with their grooms. His own son was among them; and he found that the breaking of colts was the thing he was most suited for. This is what Goethe calls art, which I should not make clear to you by any definition unless it were clear already. I would not attempt to define it as music, painting, poetry, and so on; it is in quite a higher sense than the common one, and in which, I am afraid, most of our painters, poets and music men, would not pass muster. He considers that the highest pitch to which human culture can go; and he watches with great industry how it is to be brought about with men who have a turn for it. Very wise and beautiful it is. It gives one an idea that something greatly better is possible for man in the world. I confess it seems to me a shadow of what will come, unless the world is to come to a conclusion that is perfectly frightful; some kind of scheme of education like that, presided over by the wisest and most sacred men that can be got in the world, and watching from a distance—a training in practicality at every turn; no speech in it except speech that is to be followed by action, for that ought to be the rule as nearly as possible among men. For rarely should a man speak at all unless it is to say that thing that is to be done; and let him go and do his part in it, and say no more about it. I should say there is nothing in the world you can conceive so difficult, *prima facie*, as that of getting a set of men gathered together as soldiers—rough, rude, ignorant people—gather them together, promise them a shilling a day; rank them up, give them very severe and sharp drill; and by bullying and drill—for the word drill seems as if it meant the treatment that would force them to learn—they learn what is necessary to learn; and there is the man—a piece of an animated machine—a wonder of wonders to look at. He will go and obey one man, and walk into the cannon's mouth for him, and do anything whatever that is commanded him by his general officer; and I believe all manner of things in this way could be done if there were anything like the same attention bestowed. Very many things could be regimented and organized into the mute system of education that Goethe evidently adumbrates there. But, I believe, when people look into it, it will be found that they will not be very long in trying to make some efforts in that direction; for the saving of human labor, and the avoidance of human misery, would be unaccountable if it were set about and begun even in part. Alas! it is painful to think how very far away it is—any fulfillment of such things; for I need not hide from you, young gentlemen—and that is one of the last things I am going to tell you—that you have got into a very troublous epoch of the world; and I don't think you will find it improve the footing you have, though you have many advantages which we had not. You have careers open to you, by public examinations and so on, which is a thing much to be approved of, and which we hope to see perfected more and more. All that was entirely unknown in my time, and you have many things to recognize as advantages. But you will find the ways of the world more anarchical than ever, I think. As far as I have noticed, revolution has come upon us. We have got into the age of revolutions. All kinds of things are coming to be subjected to fire, as it were; hotter and hotter the wind rises around everything. Curious to say, now, in Oxford and other places that used to seem to lie at anchor in the stream of time, regardless of all changes, they are getting into the highest humor of mutation, and all sorts of new ideas are getting afloat. It is evident that whatever is not made of asbestos will have to be burned in this world. It will not stand the heat it is getting exposed to. And in saying that, it is but saying in other words that we are in an epoch of anarchy—anarchy plus the constable. There is nobody that picks one's pocket without some policeman being ready to take him up. But in every other thing he is the son, not of Cosmos, but of Chaos. He is a disobedient, and reckless, and altogether a waste kind of object—a commonplace man in these epochs; and the wiser kind of man—the select, of whom I hope you will be part—has more and more to see to it, to look forward, and will require to move with double wisdom; and will find, in short, that the crooked things that he has to pull straight in his own life or round about, wherever he may be, are manifold, and will task all his strength, wherever he may go. But why should I complain of that either? for that is the thing a man is born to in all epochs. He is born to expend every particle of strength that God Almighty has given him in doing the work he finds he is fit for—to stand up to it to the last breath of life, and do his best.

We are called upon to do that; and the reward we all get—which we are perfectly sure of if we have merited it—is that we have got the work done,

or, at least, that we have tried to do the work. For that is a great blessing in itself; and I should say there is not very much more reward than that going in this world. If the man gets meat and clothes, what matters it whether he have ten thousand pounds or ten million pounds, could that be, or seventy pounds a-year? He can get meat and clothes for that; and he will find very little real difference intrinsically, if he is a wise man. [Laughter.] I warmly second the advice of the wisest of men: "Don't be ambitious; don't be at all too desirous of success; be loyal and modest." Cut down the proud towering thoughts that you get into you, or see that they be pure as well as high. There is a nobler ambition than the gaining of all California would be or the getting of all the suffrages that are on the planet just now. Finally, gentlemen, I have one advice to give you which is practically of very great importance, though a very humble one it is. In the middle of your zeal and ardor—for such, I believe, will be sufficient in spite of all the counsels to moderate it that I can give you; I have no doubt you will have among you people ardently bent to consider life cheap, for the purpose of getting forward in what they are aiming at of high—but you are to consider throughout, much more than is done at present, and what it would have been a very great thing for me if I had been able to consider—that health is a thing to be attended to continually—that you are to regard that as the very highest of all temporal things for you. There is no kind of achievement you could make in the world that is equal to perfect health. What to it are nuggets and millions? The French financier said—"Alas! why is there no sleep to be sold?" Sleep was not in the market at any quotation. It is a curious thing, that I remarked long ago, and have often turned in my head, that the old word for "holy" in the German language—*heilig*—also means "healthy." And so *Heilbronn* means "holy-well," or "healthy-well." We have it in the Scotch hale; and, I suppose our English word whole—with a "w"—all of one piece, without any hole in it—is the same word. I find that you could not get any better definition of what "holy" really is than "healthy"—"completely healthy"—*Mens sana in corpore sano*. A man with his intellect a clear plain geometric mirror, brilliantly sensitive of all objects and impressions around it, and imaging all things in their correct proportions—not twisted up into convex or concave, and distorting everything so that he cannot see the truth of the matter without endless groping and manipulation—healthy, clear, and free, and seeing all round about him. We never can attain that at all. In fact, the operations we have got into are destructive of it. You cannot, if you are going to do any decisive intellectual operation—if you are going to write a book (at least, I never could) without getting decidedly made ill by it, and really you must if it is your business, and you must follow out what you are at—do it sometimes, but at the expense of health. Only remember at all times to get back as fast as possible out of it into health, and regard the real equilibrium as the center of things. You should always look at the *heilig*, which means holy, and holy means healthy. Well, that old etymology—what a lesson it is against certain gloomy, austere, æsthetic people, that have gone about as if this world were all a dismal prison-house. It has indeed got all the ugly things in it that I have been alluding to; but there is an eternal sky over it, and the blessed sunshine, verdure of Spring, and rich Autumn, and all that in it too. Piety does not mean that a man should make a sour face about things, and refuse to enjoy in moderation what his Maker has given. Neither do you find it to have been so with old Knox. If you look into him you will find a beautiful Scotch humor in him, as well as the grimmest and sternest truth when necessary, and a great deal of laughter. We find really some of the sunniest glimpses of things come out of Knox that I have seen in any man; for instance, in his "History of the Reformation"—which is a book I hope everyone of you will read—a glorious book. On the whole, I would bid you stand up to your work, whatever it may be, and not be afraid of it—not in sorrow or contradiction to yield, but to push on toward the goal; and don't suppose that people are hostile to you in the world. You will rarely find anybody designedly doing you ill. You may feel often as if the whole world is obstructing you, more or less; but you will find that to be because the world is traveling in a different way from you, and rushing on in its own path. Such man has only an extremely good-will to himself—which he has a right to have—and is moving on toward his object. Keep out of literature as a general rule, I should say also. If you find many people who are hard and indifferent to you in a world that you consider to be un-hospitable and cruel—as often, indeed, happens to a tender-hearted, striving young creature—you will also find there are noble hearts who will look kindly on you; and their help will be precious to you beyond price. You will get good and evil as you go on, and have the success that has been appointed to you. I will wind up with a small bit of verse that is from Goethe also, and has often gone through my mind. To me it has the tone of a modern psalm in it, in some measure. It is sweet and clear—the clearest of æsthetic men had not anything like so clear a mind as that man had, freer from cant and misdirected notion of any kind than any man in these ages has been. This is what the poet says. It is a kind of marching music of mankind:—

The Future bids us in
Gladness and sorrow;
We press still onward;
Nought that abides in it
Daunts us—Onward!

And solemn before us
Veiled, the dark Portal,
Goal of all mortal:—
Stars silent rest o'er us—
Graves under us silent.

While earnest thou gazest,
Comes bidding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error;
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misting.

But heard are thy voices,
Heard are the ages,
The worlds and the ages;
"Choose well, your choice is brief,
And yet endless."

"Here eyes do regard you
In eternity's stillness:
Here is all fulness:
Ye brave, to reward you;
Ye weak, to despair not."

One last word. *Wir Heissen euch hoffen*—We bid you be of hope. Adieu for this time.

